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The Importance of the Entente

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Notes of the Week

IN spite of the disagreement which we in the SATURDAY REVIEW frankly have with the policy of France vis-à-vis Germany, we should sincerely deplore a rupture in the Anglo-French understanding. What that understanding means to the peace of Europe and the world cannot be over-estimated. In another place we publish an article on the pregnant importance of the maintenance of that understanding. The new States which have been brought into existence, and are kept in existence by the sanctions which our two countries jointly provide, would easily fall, not only into a common antagonism, but into a danger of invasion by other countries, if England and France fell into disagreement. The shock to the public peace would reverberate to the four corners of the earth. Such a consideration must overtop those of any economic formularies, and it is not to be contemplated that we should break with our ally because she will not accept the canons of the Prime Minister's new economic faith. The days when the world can be regenerated by the acceptance of a doctrine, whether religious or economic, have gone by, we hope, for ever.

Interest in what is happening at Genoa would have been suspended during the week, pending the receipt of the Russian reply to the memorandum of the Powers, were it not for the sensational attack delivered by the Prime Minister on the *Times*. The result has been that information now coming from the scene of the conference is obscured by the partisan colouring of the dispatches. Newspapers have now taken up their positions either in the Gallophile or Gallophobe camps, from which they bombard one another with the best journalistic artillery. If the Prime Minister does not soon call a truce he will be caught between two fires.

Mr. Wickham Steed was not the only representative at Genoa to report Mr. Lloyd George's attitude at the Barthou interview in the sense to which exception has been taken. In normal circumstances so emphatic a denial by a Prime Minister of a newspaper report would have been accepted universally and without argument. It is noticeable in this particular case that there seemed a disposition in the House of Commons to doubt the sincerity of the Prime Minister's *démenti*. The same hesitation was manifested in the public Press. Nor is it insignificant that the attitude of the French Press was generally this: Mr. Lloyd George was wise, in the circumstances, to contradict the report! So we have come to this. The word of the spokesman of England is no longer unhesitatingly accepted.

The reluctance, so universally shown, to believe in the sincerity of the Prime Minister's disavowal is capable of a very simple explanation, following as it does so closely on the *Westminster Gazette* revelations. In March, 1919, the Prime Minister returned hastily from Paris in order to contradict Mr. Sisley Huddleston's dispatch, in which Mr. Lloyd George was asserted to be resisting the French claims and veering in the direction of a more humane peace. Only a month ago the publication of a memorandum written by Mr. Lloyd George at about the same date as he was making his speech in the House of Commons demonstrated the truth of the dispatch which he was at the time so anxiously emphatically to deny. In this case we had to wait three years to ascertain the truth. Is it surprising that there should now be a prevailing scepticism?

What is the explanation of the rapid fusillade delivered by Mr. Lloyd George on the *Times* leading article? It will be recognized at once as his usual strategy. He has been trying to reconcile the irreconcilable. He has been trying to show himself the friend of Russia and Germany and the ally of France. His one hope has been that he would be able to impose his will upon France, if not by coaxing her, then by bullying her. In negotiations with people of a less obstinate character he has generally succeeded by one of these alternative methods. As his efforts had not had the desired result with MM. Poincaré and Barthou, and as he had found himself confronted with the dismal prospect of returning from Genoa after embroiling this country with both parties, he saw that the best way out was to fix on one single sentence in a newspaper article and characterize it as a falsehood. But the proceeding does not get him or us any further. What we want to know is whether or not the Prime Minister is aiming at a breach in the Entente?

The objections of Russia to the memorandum of the Powers—with whom France and Belgium are not associated—fall under three heads. The Russians do not wish to forego their rights of propaganda. Secondly, it would appear that while they are willing to recognize pre-war debts, they are unwilling to pay them unless we make them a loan. Thirdly, they object to the famous Clause vii, relating to the recognition of private property. We rehearse the points because there is some

obscurity in the public mind about the real issues. To take them serially, the Russians have a right to propagate their gospel as much as they desire—but not with our money. As regards the pre-war debts, of course they will not be paid, and the advancement of any further money will be a most unfair tax on the citizens of any countries proposing to make the contribution. Lastly, there can be no hope for the future commercial relationships of Europe if they are based on a denial of the elementary principles which regulate trade, commerce and individual rights.

The whole question between Russia and ourselves turns mainly on the loan which Chicherin is demanding. Russia is desperately in need of ready cash, and will in our opinion promise anything, and do almost anything, to obtain it. It is monstrous that we should contemplate advancing money to a Government which has been conspicuous for its financial shortcomings. We have no more assurance of its being put to any better use than the other finances of which Russia has had the disposal. To talk in the circumstances of an advance of another £200,000,000, to be contributed of course mainly by England, is to contemplate the equivalent of an addition of 4s. to our income tax. It is absurd.

Of course we accept the statement made by Mr. Chamberlain in the House on Monday, that the agreement between Italy and the Turks has been effected with the Constantinople Government and not with that of Angora, as we, in common with nearly all our contemporaries, stated last week. But the charge of disloyalty on the part of Italy to the Paris Conference and its recommendations remains. And it still seems strange to us that the economic provisions of the agreement that have so far been disclosed should relate to territory that is in the possession of the Angora, and not of the Constantinople Government, and that the Italian troops that were withdrawn were evacuated, not from the region of Constantinople, but from the district in south-west Asia Minor claimed by Angora. We note with satisfaction, however, Mr. Chamberlain's assurance that the Italo-Turkish agreement will not prevent the continued intimate co-operation of Britain and Italy in endeavouring to bring about an early settlement in the Near East.

Mr. Chamberlain also assured us that the Italo-Turkish agreement would not impair the cordiality of the relations existing between Britain and Italy. The Foreign Office, which had let it be known that it had entered a protest against the agreement, appears to have been rather pushed aside. It is a remarkable thing that the British Delegation at Genoa seems to be acting as mediators between Italy and Yugo-Slavia respecting the dispute over Fiume, and other matters involved in the question of the Eastern Adriatic that were supposed to be settled by the Treaty of Rapallo. The Italian Press speaks of the "personal intervention" of Mr. Lloyd George in this controversy. He never hesitates to relegate the F.O. to the background if it suits him to do so, and hence it is no wonder that British foreign policy should be full of shifts and surprises. In this particular case it is possible that he may do some good. The Rapallo Treaty was endorsed by both Italy and Yugo-Slavia, but its provisions have been carried out fully by neither. The result has been an increasing tension that might easily have disastrous results. The situation is further complicated if the reports are true that the Croats, who are very hostile to the Italians, have broken away from Yugo-Slavia and proclaimed a republic.

We were afraid that the Government's policy respecting Egypt, as indicated at the end of February by Mr. Lloyd George and by a White Paper published

at the same time, would lead to serious trouble. Egypt was given independence, and she was not given it—an impossible position. Among the subjects "absolutely reserved to the discretion of His Majesty's Government" was the Sudan. Lord Allenby has just returned from Cairo after visiting that region, and when at Khartoum he assured the Sudanese, who were apprehensive of being put under the Egyptian Government, that Britain would tolerate no change in the status of their country. But the Commission appointed by the Egyptian Government to elaborate a Constitution has included in its report the decision that the Sudan is an inseparable part of Egypt, and owes allegiance to the King of Egypt, who is to be styled King of Egypt and the Sudan. Here again are two incompatible positions, and nothing but mischief can come out of them. Our readers may recall that about a month ago we drew attention to a speech of Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, in which he said that though Britain had attached conditions to the independence of Egypt, these conditions had not been accepted by the Egyptians. Our comment on this extraordinary statement was that it was a good thing that the British Army remained in Egypt—and we repeat that comment now.

Elsewhere we discuss the success achieved by Wu Pei-fu over Chang Tso-lin, and ask how Japan is likely to regard his project for the unification of China which now appears to have some prospect of realization. At the moment, as it happens, there is a parliamentary crisis in Japan owing to the threatened disintegration of the party that has long been dominant in the Diet and was the chief support of the Government, which now looks like collapsing. We observe that in some of our papers it is suggested that if the Government resigns, Viscount Kato, a former Ambassador to London, and the leader of the Japanese "Liberals," will be called on to form a new Government, and that, if this happens, his policy towards China will be much more favourable for her than was that of his predecessors. But this is to place a value on Japanese "Liberalism" which in reality it does not possess. It should not be forgotten that it was during the Premiership of Okuma, whose political disciple Kato is, that Japan fastened on China the famous or rather infamous "Twenty-one Demands," of the true significance of which Lord Northcliffe reminded everybody the other day. It is still the fact that Japan is controlled not by her Diet, nor by her Government, except in so far as these register and execute the decrees of the militarist junta, in whose hands is all the power.

The counter-petition presented to Convocation by the Churchmen's Union for the Advancement of Liberal Religious Thought has not received the publicity it deserves. It crosses the petition presented by members of the English Church Union last February bringing charges of heresy against a number of papers read at the Cambridge Conference of Modern Churchmen. The counter-petition, which bears the signatures of some of the most acute minds in the Church to-day, as well as those of several well-known scholars, lays stress upon the vagueness of the charges, which do not specify either the names of the authors whom it is desired to condemn, or the particular statements to which objection is taken, or even the clauses in the Creeds which are alleged to have been contravened. But in our opinion the most unfortunate aspect of the affair is that an enlightened body of Churchmen such as the English Church Union should seek to-day to impose strict boundaries upon individual interpretation of the Christian faith. It is this refusal to move with the times, to admit fresh evidence and weigh new conclusions, which brings the Church into contempt in the eyes of so many people. It should welcome progress, not fear it.

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The authorities who invigilate our distractions move in mysterious ways. Because disorderly conduct is alleged to be prevalent in a few third-rate night clubs a vicarious vengeance is wreaked on the innocent persons who frequent the Italian Roof Garden at the Criterion Restaurant. The regulations which control the consumption of drinks and the continuance of dancing after midnight are made not by the representatives of the people but by officials exercising a delegated authority more puissant than that of Parliament. Herein lies the whole trouble.

We cannot congratulate Colonel Archer-Shee on his Representation of the People Bill. The attempt to impose disqualifications on those who would otherwise be eligible for membership of the House of Commons may be speciously attractive, especially when the principal victims are conscientious objectors, but it is hardly consonant with a democratic tradition. Consider the implications. If it were merely a case of excluding a certain class in the community from parliamentary candidature, then the desirability of the class might conceivably—but only just conceivably—be a relevant question for discussion. But what such a Bill as Colonel Archer-Shee's amounts to is not only the deprivation of a particular class of the right to sit in the House of Commons, but the subtraction from the electors of their right to be represented by whom they will. About the other part of the Bill which would have provided for the disqualification of certain persons to exercise the vote on the ground that they had taken no part in the war, the principle has been thrashed out at various stages of our history and has resulted, for good or for evil, in the admittance to a full citizenship of men and women irrespective of sex, opinion, or creed. Surely we are not going to fight the battle all over again!

No one can accuse either party to the disastrous dispute in the engineering trade of bad temper or lack of patience in the endeavour to come to an agreement. The publication of the Mackenzie report on Thursday in itself brought the matter no nearer solution; for it is not by the writing of reports, however lucid and intelligent, that so grave a dispute can be settled. It has narrowed down to one small issue, but it contains the essence of the whole struggle—the right of a man to be master in his own house. For however closely the interests of all in the house are bound together, someone must rule and decide when a matter affecting the welfare of all is in suspense. There cannot be two masters; and in this, as in all disputes as to rule, it is strength that ultimately decides the issue.

Our Foreign Office is not exactly conspicuous at present as a monument of wisdom. It is not the function of Governments or Government Departments to inspire grievances which not only react to the disadvantage of the community but often poison the minds of individuals and make them enemies of authority and of themselves. The case of Mr. L'Estrange Malone illustrates what we mean. General Townshend is probably far too well balanced a man to be thrown out of his equilibrium by the discourteous and imprudent refusal of the Foreign Office to grant him a passport to the Near East. Such a refusal, however, can be justified only by the archaic mental processes of our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. England has for centuries been a home for men who have been oppressed by this kind of obscurantist foolery in other countries. Shall we who have received every revolutionary and idealist, from Kossuth to Krassin, now even deny a freedom of travel to our own citizens? Quite apart from the sin against tradition which Lord Curzon has committed, his precedent must not be

allowed to stand, for if passports are to be made a reward of good conduct (judged by Foreign Office standards) the way is open for the most unpleasant kind of discrimination. The Foreign Secretary will soon be exercising a patronage more impressive than that of the Lord Chancellor.

It is a great pity that Sir Eric Geddes was not appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer at a moment when the opportunity was favourable. He and Mr. McKenna are the only two public men alive who have held high office and yet can make speeches dealing relentlessly with facts and containing courageous practical suggestions without enveloping themselves in smoke-clouds of platitude and periphrasis. Moreover, they do not perpetually seek refuge in the desolation of Europe, on which Sir Robert Horne and his colleagues, whenever they are pressed, fall back, as if it were an impregnable defence against the assault of criticism. Contrast the clear, concise and commonsense utterance of Sir Eric on Tuesday with the foggy, incoherent and foolish nonsense talked by Sir Robert Horne on Wednesday. The former Minister of Transport exposed the cowardice and humbug of the Budget in point after point of his argument. All Sir Robert Horne could say was that everything depended on Genoa, which would result in enabling us to "engage in those peaceable avocations that will bring back wealth and prosperity"—and meaningless rubbish of that kind. Let the British public remember one thing. The shilling that has been taken off the income tax is not attributable to the efforts of Sir Robert Horne but to the energies of Sir Eric Geddes and his colleagues. The £50,000,000 cuts which were adopted from their recommendations have provided exactly one shilling off the income tax. Had the proposals been adopted in full the income tax would now be 4s. in the £. So much for Genoa!

We would draw the attention of the Manager of the *Times*, and other newspapers whose advertisement columns are widely used, to certain advertisements alleged to be from domestic servants wanting places. Since we wrote on this subject a few weeks ago we have made some tests, and are quite satisfied that some of these advertisements are fraudulent in the sense that they are simply inserted as lures to attract registration fees. The advertisements continue to appear long after numerous householders have written asking to be put in communication with the particular paragon advertised. The invariable result is the demand for a registration fee and the furnishing of an address. Of three such cases tested this week no reply whatever was received from one, from another the letter was returned by the dead-letter office, and from the third a reply was received saying that the person was not in need of a situation. The number of registration fees received in answer to each advertisement must render the fraud an extremely profitable one. The people advertising are usually outside London, and give themselves impersonal titles as "agencies" or "associations." The domestic servant problem is serious enough without the columns of reputable journals being used to carry on what seems to be nothing less than a systematic fraud.

The firm of Quaritch has performed a feat which must be, we should imagine, unique in the annals of bookselling, for it offers, in its last catalogue, two complete sets of the four folios of Shakespeare. The more important of these two sets is priced at £17,500, and includes one of the three known copies of the first state of the portrait in the 1623 folio. In this state the print has the moustache and cross-hatchings on the collar unfinished. Of the other two copies of this, one is in the Bodleian and the other in an American public collection, so that the present copy is the only

one—until another is discovered, which is unlikely—that can come into the market. One cannot help feeling a little proud that it should fall to an English firm to achieve this feat of bookselling, which is even finer than the performance of the American firm of Rosenbach, which, some two years ago, gathered together into one catalogue no less than twenty-nine Shakespearean quartos. The Rosenbach catalogue was a fine one—it contained the only quarto, a *Pericles* of 1609, that now exists in its original published condition, uncut and unbound; but there were certainly one or two items that were not quite up to the level of the rest.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ENTENTE

THE Genoa Conference has degenerated into an unworthy little squabble which is not made less unworthy because Mr. Lloyd George is directing his propaganda in person. What a climax to the Conference! What a commentary on the war! If the connexion between England and France is severed much more than a consecrated friendship will be broken. We do not agree with the policy of France. But it is a policy. And in criticizing it, one is criticizing something which exists, something which has been unequivocally defined. But what is our policy? We are the mother of a great Commonwealth. Half the world is ours. We administer a vast Mohammedan population; yet Greece claims us as a friend. The Japanese are eating into our entrails; are we worrying about Japan? Imperial affairs have occupied the attention of Parliament for but a few hours in a whole year. But every day the order paper is covered with questions relating to the troubles of the Eastern European peoples. Our whole mind is fixed on Europe. Is it because Genoa is more accessible than Simla or San Remo than the Fiji Islands? It cannot be because these European towns matter more to us than the places of our Empire. Our embroilment in continental affairs is a danger both to the Continent and to us. If we identify ourselves with all these economic "settlements" we must provide the sanctions whereby they shall be enforced. Therein, in our view, lies the danger of the Premier's present course. He is seeking to involve this country in agreements and arrangements which, if they are to be observed, will cost us our time and our treasure, maybe our peace. Of our time we have given enough. Our taxpayers have supported since the Armistice a ministry whose services have been more at the disposal of Europe than of England. Country after country postpones with our consent its obligations to us. Government after Government endeavours to maintain its domestic services by demanding from us either loans or gifts. This is not the way of economic settlement in Europe. What country can be induced to take the very necessary measures for its own reconstruction, if it is for ever to be sustained by the hope that it can get tips from the bulging pockets of the British Exchequer, as from a rich and indulgent uncle? Is there a schoolboy who would economize his finances with such resources open to him for the asking? The Prime Minister of England having contributed to the financial difficulties of his own country by squandering the remnants of our national wealth to purchase a figment which he called a Paradise is now engaged in subsidizing the peoples of the earth with doles. What was not good enough for England may be good enough for Europe. But it is time someone else called the tune.

It is said to be the justification for our interference that trade must be put upon its legs again. So it must. But it will never stand on its legs while its stomach remains empty. Trade does not live by subventions. It cannot walk with props. Until it is put upon a proper diet all the quack doctors in the uni-

verse may confabulate and write prescriptions until they are blue in the face. We hesitate to insist so repeatedly on what should be elementary, but in the vain hope that repetition may serve some purpose we say again that there are two main causes which are holding up trade not only in this country but in every other country. First, the weight of taxation is heavier than industry can bear. Second, Governmental restrictions are hampering enterprise. There are others of a similar kind. Every manufacturer, whether he be a Jugo-Slav or a Scotchman, is aware of them. When England begins to learn this simple lesson there may be some chance that the less fortunate peoples of the earth will follow suit. Therefore let us not waste any more time on the economic possibilities of Conferences. We shall be foolish to fall out with France over the economic conditions of Eastern Europe. France has no arguable objection to raise to our trading with anyone we will. Individual Frenchmen, like individual Englishmen, are at this moment trading with Germany and Russia and everyone else. If we choose to make an agreement with the Russian Government as the Germans have, and if we choose—however foolishly—to forego our debts and property in that country, what right have we to compel France and Belgium to do likewise? Are we seeking to compel America to subscribe our proposals? And if we admit the right of America to dissociate herself from our suggestions and yet continue to perorate on the necessity for retaining Anglo-American friendship, why do we put France in a different category? She disapproves of our memorandum to the Bolsheviks. So does America. Why must we reserve our invective for our neighbour? The matter is essentially simple. The money sunk by the Western countries in Russia belongs either to individual citizens or to the taxpayers collectively. Our citizens and our taxpayers may, if they choose, abandon their rights. As they have but a small chance of ever getting their money back, it probably does not matter whether they do so or not. There may be some magic in formally releasing our debtors. At all events the nationals of this country may adopt whatever course they choose. If we admit that they are competent to decide in this matter, acting through their Government, must we not admit that the nationals of France are in the same case? They too may take whatever course they will. And they do not choose to take the same course as we. The French peasant does not wish to write off his loss. Who shall gainsay him? And by what doctrine shall we so impertinently interfere in the affairs of our neighbours as to prescribe whether or no they shall forswear their rights? The Germans had an unquestionable competence to deal with Russia as they pleased. If we desire to do as Germany has done no doubt we shall have no difficulty in signing the same piece of paper as the Bolsheviks. We may legitimately differ from France on these economic matters, and we may each take our own course. That is not enough to break the Entente. Our remaining difference with France is on the question of reparations. There is in existence a Reparations Commission. Both countries are represented on it. But while we continue to identify ourselves with the Commission, why should we perpetually tilt at its decisions? In our view, the sum due from Germany to the Allies for material damage caused in the War should have been estimated on a fair basis and exacted. Someone has got to pay it, and it is right that Germany should. It was not estimated at an equitable figure. But we signed the Treaty of Versailles, not in any undue haste, but after lengthy deliberations, and until we come forward with our alternative proposals, France should not be allowed to think that we seek to deprive her of the cost of rebuilding and replacing her broken houses and her obliterated towns.

The position at the moment is that France and England together were responsible for drawing up a

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document which outlined a new arrangement of Europe. The force which they jointly command has enabled them to put their plans into operation. As a result, two of the ancient empires have been disrupted and a third contracted. Russia is now separated from Germany by a belt of new countries which have split off from her former entity. Austria-Hungary no longer exists. There are no less than nine new states—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Austria, Hungary, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, and Finland. It was virtually by the decree of France and England that these nations were brought into existence, and it is by our joint prestige that they have been maintained. Is it possible to conceive that in place of the nineteen sovereign nations of pre-war Europe, no less than twenty-seven could exist to-day were it not for the authority which England and France exercise in common? Remember that the settlement was made in defiance of the traditions of the three old Empires, out of whom the new national lineaments have been carved. Such arrangements could never have been made without the prefatory humbling of Russia, Austria and Germany. If France and England, who together can wield the most terrifying power, quarrel, what becomes of this settlement of Europe? Is Germany going to maintain it? Is Spain going to take a hand? Is Russia? Let us look to the realities. We are embroiled enough; we are deeply involved in the establishments of the Treaty of Versailles. If England and France are divided, the new Europe crumbles like a heap of sand. It must not be; with the help of clear sight and common-sense, it shall not be.

A SAVIOUR FOR CHINA?

WHAT China wants above everything is a saviour—a great Chinese who can save his country from the faction and strife with which it has been cursed, and give it the unity and peace that it needs. For about two years many of the people of China and most of the British residents in China have been asking themselves whether such a man was to be found in Wu Pei-fu, whose name as General Wu or, more simply, Wu, has now become familiar to the whole world. The reason why they asked this question was not so much because early in his career he had pronounced for a strong and united China, independent of Japanese influences, but because the success of his really remarkable campaigns at Peking in 1917 and 1920 suggested that he had it in him to give effect to the doctrine he preached if he applied his military genius to the consolidation of China. As things were, it was plain that the unification of China involved civil war under a leader who could and would overthrow all his rivals, and impose, at least for a time, a dictatorship, during which the political and financial situation could be regulated and stabilized, and China gradually regain something like the position she occupied thirty or forty years ago. In effect this was and is Wu's programme. As will be seen, this programme is largely political in its character. But Wu is not a politician; it would not be a strange thing, however, if that should prove to be his strength rather than his weakness, as some suggest. Born in Shantung and educated at the Military Academy near Tientsin, he is a soldier by profession; unlike some other leading figures in China his training has been entirely Chinese. Time will show whether he is to be included in the ranks of soldier-statesmen.

At the moment Wu's great aim is to bring about such a pacification—through the suppression of the other Tuchuns and President Sun Yat-sen, with the disbandment of their armies—as will lead to the convocation of a free and unfettered Constituent Assembly to determine the government of the country, while he himself and his forces hold the ring until a settlement is reached. In his effort to achieve this he has at least begun well. Up to a fortnight ago power in China

was almost entirely in the hands of three men: Chang Tso-lin in the North, in control of the Peking Government; Wu in Mid-China, in control, more or less, of the Yangtse; and Sun Yat-sen in the South, in control, also more or less, of the Canton Government. Chang and Sun had formed an alliance against Wu, and declared war on him. The odds appeared to be much in their favour, as they had many more men than he had, and their artillery and equipment generally were superior to his—a considerable part of Chang's troops had been trained by Japanese officers. Yet in operations lasting barely a week Wu has completely defeated Chang, who has been forced to take refuge in ignominious flight. Wu is master of Peking and of the Peking Government; the Premier and other Ministers who were the creatures of Chang have resigned and gone into retirement. And so the curtain rings down on the first act of a drama probably without a parallel in history.

Though Chang must have "lost face," a deadly thing in China, he cannot yet be said to be absolutely negligible. Wu has still to deal with Sun, who is reported to have 70,000 men at his back. Besides, there are rumours that some of his brother Tuchuns of the Yangtse are very jealous of his success, and are taking up arms against him. For all that, Wu stands out to-day as the foremost man in China, and it is likely enough that he will win all along the line. What is the attitude of the Powers towards him? It may be recalled that one of the Four Principles concerning China which were endorsed by the Washington Conference provided for the "fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity for China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable Government." The Chinese delegates expressly stated that it was the determination of the Chinese people to work out their own political salvation without interference from outside, and that this highly desirable object would be achieved if sufficient time were given. We believe this will be so if there is no outside interference—but there's the trouble. It is thoroughly improbable that Europe or America will interfere, but there is always Japan. As everybody now knows, she has preyed on the weakness of her big neighbour, and the last thing in the world she desires is that strong, united China which Wu purposes to create. Dispatches from Japan sound a sinister note. They assert that Wu is influenced by ambition alone, and that the result of the present struggle will be the dissolution of China. The wish is father to the thought, for if that were so, what pickings there would be for Japan! No doubt it will take some time, and much good fortune, for Wu to carry out his plans, but at present at all events he is the hope of China and may prove to be her saviour.

OBERAMMERGAU

BY ROLF GARDINER

THEY say, the Germans, that Bavaria brings one from Tirol to civilization, and with a sneer as if it were a kind of 'Main Street,' a pioneer settlement in the process of dignification with the insignia of civilization, hotels, railways, cinemas, and other unenumerated discomforts. But in truth, nothing is more distant than the pettiness and spiritual airlessness, vacuum, of 'Main Street.' It is a strange country, remote, out of contact, with a people and culture that are curiously fixed and permanent like the permanence and fixedness of the dazzling white mountains that rise so pure and cold and radiant above and behind it. Comes the new electric railway threading its way, like a snake among rocks, between the uplands and foothills through Garinischn and Mittenwald and so beyond the sources of the Isar and south to Innsbruck and Tirol. Came in days forgotten, the Imperial processions, armies, horses and men, warriors spiritual and temporal, pilgrims going Tannhäuser-wise to Rome, down to high-heavened Italy. And now

again come processions, tourists, alpine-sport fiends, and the ghost of a projected canal that some conqueror-engineer in the north has planned to defeat the icy gradient of the Alps. Yet they leave this richly-gifted, timeless aristocracy of the uplands strangely unchanged, isolated, without hope or need for change, for becoming, even, like the Elizabethan Appalachians in the hinterland of Kentucky, or again, perhaps, like the Pyrennean Basques.

I came one early March morning. Fresh snow lay soft with lovely blue shadows upon the landscape, the wind-angels had drawn apart the curtains of dark snow-cloud that still snuffed the luminous mountain tops, showing pellucid unattainable turquoise through the rents. Our electric tram scraped along the flat marshes that stretch from Murnan to the wall of the foothills, and then of a sudden passed into the Ammerthal, a new atmosphere, warm and genial even without the sun. Inside the car the melted snow off our boots and clothing made slushy puddles on the floor, the smoke of the strong woody tobacco used by the peasants mingling with the smell of damp clothing. Two pallid-looking students from Munich, on a ski-tour, huddled in the corner, apart, disconsolate and unbreakfasted; a "shieber" too dozed complacently in a compartment to himself. But among the peasants there was warm conviviality even at seven o'clock in the morning, as there might be amongst us in the evening. Handsome, large, full-moulded limbs they have, with fine coarse pigments to the skin, faces of a conventionalized beauty, static form, cleanly chiselled, with blue eyes very keen, the pupil small, tightened, the iris keen, like sharp light falling on blue ice.

They have a kind of completeness, maturity, finality about them, strangely contrasting with the Germans. The Germans are all flux, all change and becoming; physically as well as in other ways, there is an indecision in the shape of their bodies as in that of their minds; there is change, restless change there; confusion, new forms thrusting through the dead husks of the old; the tune of their life is an ever-conscious striving towards the newer and the better. Strange the contrast between the two contiguous cultures, the one so final, so immobile, static in tension, the other inchoate, transitional, mobile in every respect. With the Germans everything is inchoate, undeveloped and developing; there is a past to contend with, and where past, present and future are warring, there is disease, neurosis. With the Bavarian peasant, past, present and future are locked in one unity, there is no disease, no neurosis, no disintegration, no self-conscious striving, no flux, everything is fixed and final. You can go to Munich, Dresden or Berlin, see pictures, plays, poems, people themselves; universally there is this disease, this disintegration of psychic forms and elements, emancipation from the old materialism, cindery from the furnace wherein is being forged something new, rather incoherent, perhaps, but there. Art and science are both absorbed with this movement, both diagnose the disease, the corrupting, decomposing matter of the past and the passing. It is painful and ugly this process of emancipation by analysis, like German painting which shows the process in action, "Expressionismus." You turn to the quiet beauty of the people of the Bavarian uplands, farming the old timeless slopes, acting their mystery plays, singing and dancing and attending their incense-filled churches, every act a ritual, "every gesture a gesture from the blood, every expression a symbolic utterance," they have the souls of instinctive artists. They are completely outside the violent polemics of our era. For them there is no issue, only what D. H. Lawrence has termed "the brightness of eternal unthinkable not-being, the admixture of labour and of warm experience in the flesh, all the time steaming up to the changeless brilliance above, the light of the everlasting snows." With the Germans there exists nothing but issues, there is at present no means of rest or equilibrium between opposite poles of attraction; there is outstanding the great issue, which

divides individuals as communities into conflicting motives, the fatalistic pessimism, the negativism before the inevitable, which Spengler has apotheosized in 'Der Untergang des Abendlandes' and the alternative positivism, the healthy-minded religious creativeness fed by energies derived from an ecstatic contemplation of the eternal morning-bright purposes of the Infinite, preached by Tagore in 'Sadhara.' Tagore and Spengler, they articulate the two dominant moods of Germany to-day.

High above Oberammergau towers a jagged crag, challenging, like a sentry to the tenting white mountains behind; and below among the beach-wooded foothills and fenny meadows flows the Amm, swift and dark and silent. At the summit of the crag stands a giant crucifix, challenging, a symbol and a warning that makes one shudder; here in the valleys among the foothills the atmosphere is ripe, a warm-toned familiarity protects one, but looking up one catches sight of the crucifix so grim and assertive, reminding of the icy eternal radiance of the snows. At every danger-point, in the most perilous places, stand the crucifixes, planted long ago by the forgotten processions, strange trees of the mountains; and the sacrifices are always renewed there, no matter how cruel the weather and perilous the ascent. It is more than custom, it is instinct, superstition; centuries before the crucifixes were planted in the mountains, the sacrifices were brought there, in propitiation of the eternal non-being of the mountains no doubt, and other landmarks, crosses too perhaps, anticipated the crucifixes. So the lonely Christs on their crosses look down from their mountain fastnesses as if pitying the world, with the terror of the Alps behind them. Over beyond the Austrian frontier, this menace, this reminder culminates in a universal death-worship, a darkness hangs over the Tirol, the darkness of death. It is always death, death, death; death in his consummation, the Tiroler's, death in his Christ; Christ is the Lord of Death. One feels it approaching beyond Mittenwald, and the gloom, the darkness thickens, till in Innsbruck it stifles one, even in the broad free comely valley of the Inn; you who are sensitive keep away from Innsbruck, stay in Bavaria, where it is mellow and genial.

I walked through Oberammergau on my way to Parthenkirchen, breakfasted at the little *gasthaus* by the terminus of the tramway. Within a stone's throw stands the theatre, where begins the Passion Play on May 14, a great big modern pink-plaster building. Outside they were shifting planks; the purloins of the theatre hummed with earnest activity. They had all grown their hair down to their shoulders, the men; how much more becoming it is. I talked to the foreman of the plank-shifting party; I don't know why I should call him the foreman, but he seemed to be the guiding spirit. His name is Melchior, tall and suave and fair with the usual Bavarian blue eyes; he is taking the part of St. John in the play. They all take their parts very seriously; they live them, and they are not a little annoyed at the exploitation of the auditorium by commercial agencies from whom they get not a brass farthing, but only the indirect increment, of hotels occupied and handicrafts patronized. For some reason which I don't quite understand, permission to perform the Passion Play had to be obtained from the Munich government, who insisted on the auditorium being run by Cook's and other tourist companies. It is the very reason which makes me deny any wish to see the actual performances. After all, the play is not a spectacle like the Russian ballet, but a ritual, a ceremonial not a circus, and a ritual requires no audience, for therein, actors and spectators are identical persons, they live in the midst of their creation; they alone know the true drama, *δράμειν*, to do, to accomplish.

The Oberammergau Passion Play in its present-day form uses a text which was rewritten by a priest of the village, Jos. Alois Daisenberger, who died some forty years ago; based upon the older texts it follows the

gospel story from the hosanna entry of Christ into Jerusalem to the triumphant gladness of the Resurrection. It is divided into three parts, and seventeen acts, each act being heralded by a declamatory prologue and argument in verse; performances begin at 8 a.m. and with a two hours' pause at midday, continue till six in the evening. The language of the play has a simple direct beauty, a great bulk of the text has been adapted straight from the New Testament. How far the modern version differs from the older ones it is hard to say. The Chronicles of Oberammergau tell us how often the performances of the play had to be suspended, especially during the long period of religious strife which culminated in the Thirty Years' War. In 1633 a terrible plague swept over the land and although the villages were widely separated one from another by intervening mountains, and every precaution taken to prevent infection, the pestilence invaded Oberammergau and carried away nigh a hundred lives, laying many more stricken at the same time. In their adversity, the community decided to supplicate divine mercy, and notwithstanding the times acted the Passion Play. Not a single person died further. In 1680 it was decided to enact the ritual once in every decade. In 1817 a fire consumed the traditional Passion music, and new tunes had to be composed. But for the war and the subsequent unrest, the play would have been produced in 1920. Now the commune sets to its labours with renewed fervour. About the ritual essence of the play the producers are emphatic. "Man wirft uns nicht selten vor, dass der Geist des Gelöbnisses erloschen und das Spiel zu einer Spekulationssache geworden wäre. Wenn das der Fall wäre, hätten wir sicher jetzt nicht den grossen Schritt zu dessen Wiederaufnahme getan, der uns ins Ungewisse führt und zu unser aller Verderben werden kann."

I have a terrible presentiment that the modern procession of tourists to the Alps and their commercial retinue are going to destroy this rare old culture after all. Education, too, is sowing the seeds of restlessness, and education, it is a sad fact, is one of the arch-enemies of culture; it makes everything dastardly self-conscious, whereas culture is spontaneous and unforced in essence. How inextricably are the Christian and heathen mythologies mixed in these Bavarian customs; Bavarian Christianity has no truck with ethics, it simply provides a *décor* for the old timeless worship. And now it strikes me how identically the Christian story corresponds to the old folk story, the old myth of the marriage of Father Heaven and Mother Earth, ensuing the birth of Spring to bring joy and fruit in life's heart, and then the winter, the crucifixion of the Nature-force with winter, followed again by the cyclic resurrection of Spring. When the Bavarians crucify their Christ in order that He may rise triumphant from the grave, they are doing exactly what their pagan ancestors did when they killed the old totem in propitiation of the Mighty Ones, enacting the same drama from which spring our morris dances and mummer's plays and their equivalents in all parts of the globe. Just a change of *décor*, that is all. The analogy is complete. The Christ action repeats the same rhythm which throbs through our entire perceptible existence: morning, day, night, morning; spring, autumn, winter, spring; birth, maturity, death, birth—the lovely cycle of Eternity.

A SCANTY CROP

By D. S. MACCOLL

THE International Society's exhibition at the Grafton Gallery does not gain much from its foreign painters, except the brilliant beginning of a portrait of M. Jacques Blanche, 'Miss Mathias.' It has qualities of energy and successful character that were carried through in the remarkable portrait of Thomas Hardy, shown here in a previous exhibition and more lately at the 'Cent ans de Peinture Fran-

caise,' in Paris. An effort to acquire it for the Tate Gallery failed, and we have had to content ourselves with the full-face sketch which is now at Millbank. On the English side the past is stronger than the present. There are two resurrections, the 'Mrs. Lewis' of Frederick Sandys and the 'Mrs. Bischoffsheim' of Millais. The first is a curiosity of cold ability, a carrying through that is complete except in a passage of the forehead where the continuity of the smooth technique is disagreeably interrupted. Millais's portrait is well on the way to being a masterpiece, not only of his middle period, but of English painting. It has dignity and breeding. The Boldini looks more meretricious for its company, and the De Lázló more common. The painting of the brocade, in a method less fluid, more gummy than Gainsborough's, is delightful for its purpose, but against this the head is a little dull in tone, and sticky in form. What Whistler called "bird's nest" painting, a wiry crinkling, was to grow out of this: we see it in its last state, combined with a pink reading of flesh, in Mr. Ouless's head of Thomas Hardy at the Academy. The best we can put against Millais at the International is Sir William Orpen's 'Lady Gwendoline Cecil.' This has a striking and ingenious pose and accomplished drawing, but a leathery colour, and the same is true of his 'Sir Charles Stanford' at the Academy, notable as it is for character and humour. Human skin is leather, but leather of a peculiar kind, semi-translucent with the flush of blood and pearly grey of veins beneath the surface. If this is rendered by solid paint it seems to call for a greater vivacity of tone than measurement of its average value would allot to it, and ivory is a better convention than the brown, pink or maroon kid or the stained pitch-pine with which most painters put us off, after pursuing the changes of colour round the clock. But the ivory also easily runs to the supernatural, as in the terrific face by Pettie at the French Gallery: for pendant is an unusually good Orchardson. It might seem that the way to paint flesh would be to imitate its constitution, by rubbing transparent glazes over an under-painting. Yet that is apt to end in a very relative process, a bath of burnt sienna.

The portrait at the Academy which has the greatest measure at once of ambition and success is that of Lady Rocksavage, by Mr. Charles Sims. Mr. Sims has an elusive character as a painter. He has made trials in various directions, and they often rouse interest and speculation. I remember among them an early picture of people sitting about in a churchyard, and again a very different Tiepolesque decoration at the Arts and Crafts. Even now he has not quite determined himself. Two ideals and two techniques are in conflict. He looks back to pale Umbrian severity in his architecture, landscape, parts of his head and figure: but he looks round midway and breaks in upon it with Besnard-like hatchings of vibratory colour, as if the transition from a Madonna on her throne to a lady of fashion called for a break in handling. Yet among so many vulgarly pretentious or stodgy portraits of men and women this is the picture that attracts the eye most for its qualities of design, light sunny colour and personal distinction. Of a less ambitious kind the portrait by Mr. John, already referred to (No. 155), is in the end the most satisfying: its certainty of drawing has left the paint untroubled and the colour is unusually good. Less ambitious still, but complete in what it sets out to do, is a tiny portrait called 'The Scarlet Shawl,' by Miss Nora Cundell (No. 491 in Gallery IX). In the same room is a small landscape by Sir David Murray, which may catch the critics asleep; yet it would take its modest place in any nineteenth-century collection for the beautiful relations of tone and colour in the haystack, in wisps broken by green stubble, sharper notes of black crows and scarlet poppies, and a tender sky.

Small pictures such as these not only do not overstrain their painters' power, but they are on a fitter scale for the private buyer of our time who has not the

old ample dining or billiard-room to furnish. There is a limit, also, to the wall space of public galleries. The vigour and ambition of Mr. Sydney Lee's vast landscape deserve respect; but to transport life-sized rocks and streams into a gallery means a mortgage of something between ten and fifty pounds in annual charges. The big picture of the future should be painted for a definite place, and our theatres, music-halls, hotels and cafés should help to provide those places.

I have omitted many familiar names in going round these two exhibitions; but were all the good work now scattered in various galleries to be brought together at the Academy, the crop would still be a small one. Nor would it be increased by adding the London group to the sources, though it might be an excellent thing to transfer its exhibitions to Burlington House, so that the so-called "advanced school" might find its level. Credit, I see, has been given to the Academy for including Mr. Wolmark in its exhibition as an "advanced" painter: but to paint in arbitrary local tints is surely a retrograde step and had already been taken by Mr. Strang. The idea of "advanced" painting is a mixed journalistic one. It serves to give excitement to a history of modern art like Dr. Muther's, where painting is reformed and advanced (in contrary directions) in each succeeding chapter. There are only good and bad painters, and as these spring up, alone or in bunches, they give an emphasis to one or another element in painting. We are looking for such a new spring; but the signs are doubtful. The London Group appear to have shot their bolt, and settled down into a merely negative attitude. They are said to be occupied with plastic considerations, but the prevailing look of their painting is rather of that depressing material plasticine, with its slack forms and range of dirty colours. There is a spate of nudes, repellent as figures of women, with neither significance of action, attraction of design, energy of construction, charm of colour or of texture. Now it is true that an attractive figure does not of itself make a beautiful picture, but neither does a disagreeable one, and to add ugly chairs and sofas, or cork conservatory rocks and the kind of plants that grow upon them, with no transformation in the act of vision, may be some kind of perverse moral demonstration; it is not an advance in art. There is a flicker of colour sense in Mr. Watson Williams's pieces; Mr. John Nash may yet, by a closer study of forms and relations, nurse his craving for design into a stronger plant; and there is Miss Ethel Sands. The Friday Club at the Goupil Gallery, with its larger infusion of drawings and less of heavy demonstrations, is a more cheerful resort, and Mr. A. N. Lewis's 'The Old Dai,' No. 76 at the International, is an example of value won from grotesque character.

'PARSIFAL' AT COVENT GARDEN

By E. A. BAUGHAN

TO sit through 'Parsifal' after many years promised a critical adventure. In the old days at Bayreuth we listened to 'Parsifal' as if it were the expression of a strange esoteric faith. To criticize this music-drama there, or to object in any way to its manner of presentation, was to be cast out of the inner circle of true believers. Even when I last heard 'Parsifal' at Covent Garden something of the Bayreuth mystery remained. One felt adventurous in criticizing this masterpiece. But the particular adventure at Covent Garden last Saturday afternoon was more definite. Could the British National Opera Company give a passable performance of so difficult a work? With Mr. Percy Pitt as conductor one could count on a workmanlike playing of the orchestral music and on an experienced direction of the stage as far as its musical side was concerned. Some of the singers I knew by name, either as concert-singers or as members of Sir Thomas Beecham's company. But a good orchestral performance and some decent

singing will not necessarily make a worthy performance of 'Parsifal.' It is imperative that the spirit of the music-drama should shine forth clearly. It may be said at once that the performance at Covent Garden was a triumph in that respect. Not even at Bayreuth have I heard a performance more satisfying in its reverence. The word is not used in a strict religious sense, but in the sense that there was complete artistic reverence for this wonderful music-drama. First of all, the singers did their work extremely well. Mr. Herbert Heyner's Amfortas was a most moving performance. Mr. Walter Hyde (badly made-up in the bad Bayreuth style) sang the music of Parsifal with ease and beauty of tone, and Mr. Norman Allin's Gurnemanz was most impressive. Then, Mr. Frederic Collier as Klingsor showed that the part can be sung dramatically without Bayreuthian bark. Miss Kirkby Lunn's Kundry was the work of an experienced artist, of course; but she was not in good voice, and the character demands a greater intensity of acting than she could give it. Kundry is a very big part, and I freely confess I have never heard it sung or seen it acted as it might be sung and acted. Except that the male choir was inclined to sing flat and without expression, the stage performance had unexpected merit. The music of the Flower Maidens has never been so well sung by such fresh, young voices. From the criticisms of the first performance I was prepared for a slight want of accord between the voices and the orchestra, but at Saturday's matinée Mr. Percy Pitt had his forces well in hand. There was no ground for reasonable criticism, and much for warm praise. Mr. Pitt is not a Hermann Levi, the Bayreuth conductor who made every bar of 'Parsifal' alive with expression, but he is a very competent conductor. I particularly admired the austere reserve of his interpretation. It would be easy to make certain pospositives of utterance in Wagner's score stand out with more melodramatic force, but that would have marred the atmosphere.

In short, we should be proud of this performance in English by a British company. It was a distinct achievement. The music-drama itself impressed me deeply, but not precisely in the way I had expected. Much has happened in music since I last heard 'Parsifal,' and, since the personal equation in criticism cannot be neglected, much has happened to myself. In the old days 'Parsifal' seemed to me a rather hysterical expression of religion. The glowing strength of 'The Ring,' the passionate vitality of 'Tristan,' and the glorious romance and humanity of 'Die Meistersinger' had ill prepared us for this music-drama of sorrow and austere renunciation. Some of us criticized the music as the expression of an old man's mind, and we resented its definite religiousness. Yet now, perhaps because I am older and perhaps because the world has suffered and is suffering much, the music makes a curious and very real appeal. I do not refer to what may be called the ritual of the music-drama. Its imitations of the pictorial traditions of Christianity—the ceremonies in the Hall of the Grail, the washing of Parsifal's feet by Kundry, and the tinsel realism of the Holy Grail itself, and so forth—do not impress me, however much I may admire their musical workmanship. It is rather in the tenderness and spirituality of the music that the appeal of 'Parsifal' now lies. In his earlier works there is not the same personal expression. At least it is intermittent, and is never allowed to subjugate what may be called the melodramatic sense of the composer. In 'Parsifal' Wagner rose above the sorrows and joys of his characters and wrote a long symphonic poem on the suffering of mankind. Not less than that is the subject-matter of 'Parsifal.' Pity is, perhaps, the dominant feeling of age, and being young, many of us did not understand and sympathize with what we called the whining of the music of 'Parsifal.'

Another impression I gained from the performance at Covent Garden was that Wagner as dramatic poet

lagged far behind Wagner as composer. In musical workmanship 'Parsifal' seems to me his masterpiece. In no other of his music-dramas, except, perhaps, 'Die Meistersinger,' is there such a perfect accord between the orchestra and the voices. In this last creation of his he did indeed achieve the endless melody of which he wrote in his theoretical works. The voices of the *dramatis personæ* are never submerged by the orchestra. Even when Amfortas has to pour forth his woes in the Grail scene right at the back of the stage you can hear every word. It was not only that the singer declaimed with singular clearness and the conductor followed him with the elasticity Wagner expected, but that the actual vocal intervals and the orchestral accompaniment were fashioned for that effect. In no other work did Wagner the musician so completely succeed in creating the right atmosphere in expressing in his vocal and orchestral music the feelings not only of his characters but of himself as creative poet. The music of 'Parsifal' seems to me, in short, the most spiritual and least melodramatic of any he wrote. But the drama itself is not on the same plane as the music. Surely it was a great mistake to have made Parsifal a kind of Siegfried *manqué*? Ultra-Wagnerians in the old days used to be full of admiration for the "inner meaning" of Parsifal, the pure fool. But that is just the mistake of the drama. Instead of being shown Parsifal on his quest of the grail, after he has been cast out of King Arthur's court, Wagner saw some special meaning in attaching him to the action by the accident of killing the swan. Instead of learning the nature of God and the grail, he is converted by the sight of Amfortas's suffering and the ritual of the Knights of the Grail, and later is strengthened in his quest by the knowledge of the suffering of his mother. To bring this about Wagner had to invent Klingsor and his magic spear, and the whole drama becomes one of action instead of the spirit. It all takes so long that only at the beginning of the third act do we get the real Parsifal in quest of the Holy Grail. He is no longer urged forward by thoughts of the suffering of his mother or even of Amfortas, but by the necessity of the redemption of the world by pity. There is something infinitely finer in the old legend that makes Parsifal renounce his allegiance to God and the grail only to rediscover his true self through suffering and experience. The limitations of the stage would make this difficult, but a different handling of the character would have made it possible.

SATURDAY WALKS

IV. ON A PILGRIMAGE

By GERALD BARRY

WHEN you walk in Buckinghamshire you are reminded at every turn of the English aristocracy. Without any mathematical calculation I would hazard a guess that there are more country halls in Buckinghamshire in proportion to its size than in any other shire in England. Across its ample meadows every prospect is determined by a mansion; the tall slim chimneys of Elizabethan halls or the squarer and more ugly masonries of the Augustan age rise dimly behind each rook-loud wood. Here the deep tradition of the feudal system has not been wholly obliterated even by the war, a fact of which I was reminded by the woman who was my cicerone at Stoke Poges Church when I made a pilgrimage the other day to the grave of Thomas Gray. She was showing me the vestibule and private entrance to the church from Stoke Park. Here, Sunday morning, the Penn family shook out the rain from their apparel, adjusted their periwigs, and handed their cloaks to retainers before proceeding to their private plush-seated chamber below the pulpit. It was from her reply to my ignorant query whether Penns still lived at the Manor House that I learnt that the pride of the thegn in his lord is

not entirely lost hereabouts. How the heart of the good founder of Pennsylvania must have glowed in his austere Quaker Heaven to learn the honour in which the name of his family is still held in these parts!

I have to confess that this walk was planned with an Ordnance Survey Sheet. If it had not been I have no doubt that, having no previous knowledge of the country it traverses, I should at this moment still be travelling hopefully. . . For it was a circular walk beginning and ending at Burnham, keeping to roads hardly at all, following the field paths and woodland ways in which the country is so rich—shamelessly prearranged, like any Conducted Tour. I can imagine its prospectus, worded in that queer Baedekerese:

. . . Saturday morning, depart Paddington 11.35 a.m. for Burnham. The afternoon will be spent in Stoke Poges. On no account should visitors miss the delightful old Churchyard (9d) immortalized by the celebrated Elegy of T. Gray, the poet. The Ivy Mantled Tower (free except Sun.) containing the secret bower of the famous Moping Owl, is of peculiar interest, but visitors are warned not to wander too near as the bird resents the intrusion of strangers. On payment of a small extra fee the Beetle will wheel his droning flight. . .

That sums up my grudge against this spot. I dislike the tyranny that binds a place to a name. Gray has become the little tyrant of his own fields; his name has bestowed too heavy a burden upon them. I can imagine that Stoke Poges churchyard was once at least as prepossessing as the average country burial-ground, but to-day it struggles to maintain too great a reputation. I suspect that the rude forefathers of the hamlet have long since regretted their unsought connexion with the poet, for it is the misfortune of these simple places upon which greatness has been thrust that they grow pretentious. Something is expected of them. At Stoke Poges one felt the authorities would like it to be understood that the authentic owl still complained each night to the moon; they do, indeed, point out the actual yew under which the poem is said to have been indited. I noticed in passing what competition there had been among post-Elegy village-Hampdens to be buried beneath its shade. Such overcrowding in our day would engage the attention of a sanitary inspector.

It would of course be quite another matter if the churchyard were intrinsically lovely, but it is not. I do not even know that the Elegy itself justifies the pretence—but this is neither the time nor the place for heresy. I only know that the effect of this place upon me was to incite an unreasonable mockery of a fine and sustained piece of verse which is widely held to be one of the purest gems of the language. As you tread the paved pathway of this churchyard, lined on either side by an orderly array of graves, you feel that somehow the place is trying very self-consciously to be old-worldly. It wears an air of studied picturesqueness, like some Devonshire villages, so that as I approached the porch I should hardly have been surprised had I found hanging there a placard labelled "Teas provided." The church itself is definitely ugly. Any beauty that may once have adorned its interior has been destroyed by the ruthless hand of some restoring architect. It all looks prosperous and clean, but apart from the quaint vestibule of which I have already written there is nothing here of special interest. The woman who sold me a guide-book displayed a disconcerting knowledge of dates and facts, reeling them off like a Beef-Eater in the Bloody Tower.

The dim, still majesty of Burnham beech woods was a sanctuary from this pretentious spot. There was peace in their unpreserved seclusion. The tall grey columns, the long-drawn aisles of moss and fallen leaves, the fretted vaults of branches intertwined, seemed to me a temple more sacred and more fitted for the worship of God than that other I had lately fled. It may not be so in reality: I do not know, for I have never been and shall never go to Stoke Poges to church. But it is not as a place of worship that one can think of it so much as a place of amusement, though personally I was not amused.

I have come to the end of my allotted space, and I have still to describe my walk. I strode on strong and furiously that day, looking over my shoulder apprehensively now and again, like a man pursued by a monster of his dreams. It is a good walk (if you avoid the churchyard), and for the benefit of those who may wish to take it I have set out below a brief itinerary. I started out to speak of the feudal aspect of the country, and I said it had not quite vanished. But my faith was shaken when I entered the only shop I could find in Farnham Royal ostensibly to buy a box of matches but actually to learn the result of the Boat Race. Here, I thought, would be a pleasant contrast to the cry of newsboys, and the seething crowd lining the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. Here would be the true old worldliness. I was wrong. Within was a young man dressed in town clothes, with an umbrella and a button-hole. His accent was the accent of Buckinghamshire, but his voice was the voice of the New Democracy. "Two to one in half-dollars" he was saying when I went in. He stopped counting his half-dollars to look up: "Cambridge won, mate," he said to me; "What did you have on?"

Route: Burnham Beeches Station, Biddles Farm, across main road, Stokeplace Farm, Stoke Poges, Rickman's Hill, Brockhurst Wood, Stoke Wood, Hollybush Corner, Farnham Common, Burnham Beeches, East Burnham, Farnham Royal, Linch Hill, Burnham Beeches Station. Infinite variations are possible, but a map is necessary.

'WINDOWS'

BY VALENTINE GOLDIE

OF living writers, none is more transcendently honest than Mr. John Galsworthy; none more eager to get at the truth, at the very heart of things, careless whether his explorations are greeted with applause or chillily lifted eyebrows. His peculiarly compassionate nature has inevitably inclined him towards the belief that the poor and outcast are necessarily the victims of unrighteous tyranny; but he is not the man to keep a conviction by him without periodically re-examining it, and in his artistic development 'Windows,' his new play now being performed at the Court Theatre, may be regarded as his 'Wild Duck.' As Ibsen derided, in the character of Ekdal, those who would push his own teachings to extremes, so does Mr. Galsworthy, though more gently, burlesque his more earnest moods in the presentation of the literary free-lance, Geoffrey March, and his poetical son, Johnny. It should be said at once that in so doing he discards none of his ideals as hopeless, still less as undesirable; but he has come to see that pity may lead to a certain blindness, and that this want of vision, however pardonable, can only be a hindrance to progress. The under-dog need not only be a poor dog; he is often also a gay dog, or even a dirty dog, and clear and understanding recognition of the fact is the first step towards knowledge of how to deal with him. While Geoffrey and his son, therefore, pleasantly represent the idealists, the one of the easy-going, the other of the crusading, type, the case for ordinary workaday common-sense is very fairly put into the mouth of Mrs. March. The disputation of these opposing sides on the matter which forms the subject of the play is assisted or interrupted from time to time by the unreasoning sentimentality of their cook and the purely speculative philosophy of their window-cleaner, Bly. The case under discussion, as many people are by this time aware, is that of Bly's daughter, Faith, who, having just served two years in prison for the murder of her love-child, is now, greatly against the wishes of Mrs. March, being given a chance as housemaid in the author's suburban home. Faith was a girl with a temperament and an appetite for life, and there was no question of betrayal when she gave her-

self to a man at the age of seventeen. She did it because she wished to do it and saw no moral objection to her action. The suffocation of her newly-born baby was principally the result of a sudden fear for its future arising in her abnormally excited mind. The deed was committed under a violent impulse of terror and distress, and she afterwards sought to justify it, even when she regretted it most. No sense of criminality, still less of shamelessness, oppressed her, and punishment and ostracism, so far from teaching her a salutary lesson, only hardened her defiance.

Here was where the well-meaning people who hoped to assist her to regain a position in the world went astray. Tacitly they were convinced that she was deeply ashamed, terribly warned, and that respectability was all that she could reasonably desire. But the instincts that went with her to prison at eighteen came out with her again (as how should they not?) at twenty. Indeed two years of chilly twilight and silence had only increased her hunger for colour and emotion, and she had no idea whatever of settling down as a model domestic servant. She lost no time in picking up a flashy and disreputable lover to accompany her on her weekly evening walks, made eyes at her elderly employer, and so worked on the Quixotic romanticism of his son that the poor fellow found himself, to his remorseful dismay, passionately kissing her, without an idea of how such a thing had come about. At this point, however, common-sense, in the person of his mother, stepped in with a firmness that was not to be resisted; and, despite the half-hearted protests of Mr. March and the fiery opposition of Johnny, Faith was once more pushed out into an unsympathetic world to shift for herself.

Opinion in the stalls seemed to favour the belief that the author, in a sudden attack of disgusted despair, had intended to point out the existence of a class of thoroughly bad and hopeless people, about whom it is quite unnecessary for altruists to bother their heads at all. Nothing, it seemed to me, was further from the truth. There is no essential shame in possessing strong passions and the love of the senses, nor is it to be taken for granted that disaster and discipline will change the whole fabric of one's nature. On the other hand it is ridiculous to pretend that the troubles of people like Faith Bly are wholly due to unjust social conditions. If the community is to order itself rightly it should substitute tolerance and clarity of sight for ferociously strict standards on the one hand, or a feeble burking of the truth on the other.

I found 'Windows' on the whole a fine and stimulating play, although undeniably it has weak points. There are moments when it is silly, but pure silliness notoriously lies in wait for writers of the exuberant first, rather than the cautious second class. Mr. Shaw often surprises us in this way, and there is hardly one play of Sir James Barrie's that has not silly spots in it. It is difficult, all the same, to imagine how Mr. Galsworthy could have permitted the elegant and cultivated Mrs. March, in a period of agitation, to go on drinking glasses of brandy until she became vaguely tipsy. Miss Irene Rooke carried off the incident with delicacy, and I must admit that it caused a great deal of laughter, but it seemed to me entirely false and distasteful. A similar scene, in which the drunken window-cleaner made the usual jokes about the appearance in duplicate of persons and objects around him, was equally unworthy of the play. I was surprised to find that Mr. Galsworthy could be so persistently funny. Much of the best dialogue is given to Mr. March and the window-cleaner. The latter is a highly fantastic figure, with his resigned pessimism, his tireless volubility and his smattering of philosophic writers; but I should hesitate to say that he is impossible, and I enjoyed him greatly. He is far less of a monster, anyhow, than Mr. Doolittle, the dustman; and if one doubts him at first, one believes in him before long. Mr. Ernest Thesiger gave a really brilliant performance of this strange mix-

ture of nonsense and wisdom and tragedy. A very little exaggeration would have thrown it into the world of sheer farce, but Mr. Thesiger came through it triumphantly, and it was easily the best thing of the evening. But the acting generally was on a high level. Miss Rooke and Mr. Herbert Marshall were both excellent as the husband and wife, and as the lovable old cook Miss Clare Greet gave us one of those impersonations that she has taught us to expect from her. Miss Odette, as Faith, was much more uneven. She would be very good for ten minutes, indifferent for the next five, and then find her form again. Rather unexpectedly she was much more successful in the comic than in the serious vein. When she was sulking with her mistress, or flirting with the young master, she was natural and amusing; but when she began to speak of her catastrophic past, up went her chin, with jaw set and eyes fixed, and her voice took on that odd sacramental intoning which has been accepted as denoting theatrical intensity. As Johnny, Mr. Howell shouted over-much for my taste in moments of strong emotion, but he was quite a pleasant figure in his quieter moods. There are not enough good plays produced to make it possible for any lover of drama to miss one which contains so much that is witty and thoughtful as 'Windows.'

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

BY A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

XI. THE INVISIBLE SINGER

WHO among us, I wonder, when out for a walk in early spring, at the time when the buds glisten like emeralds after a passing shower, or, later on, when the meadows are a blaze of colour and the verdant corn is showing its ears, has not watched the lark rise and ascend almost perpendicularly by sudden starts and curves, until he is but a tiny speck in the blue sky? Higher and higher he rises, but his sweet carol reaches us yet; even when he is out of sight we can still hear it, and that is why I call him "The Invisible Singer." Presently the bird comes back, as it were from the sun—not in a hurry, but by easy stages until a few feet from the ground, when he darts onward like an arrow to the side of his mate. The eyesight is perfect in all birds and I have always thought that the lark, right up in the sky, can see his nest or his mate; for I have seen him come down to within three feet of them many times.

The skylark is deeply attached to its young; and though at most times a very timid bird, it will attack and drive away any other bird that approaches its brood. Never has the natural affection and love of offspring been more manifested to me by creatures of the wild than this year by the skylark. While going to and from my work, I passed within a few feet of a nest from the time of building until there were young ones nearly fledged. A very heavy thunderstorm came on one evening as I was nearing home; and I naturally looked to see how the young ones were getting on. The old bird was on the nest, and, conscious of danger, her outspread wings completely covered all, and even reached over the sides of the nest; thus the rain ran off clear. The raindrops gathered on her back, wings and tail, like little balls of silver; and then, obeying the law of gravitation, slid off like a miniature cascade. There was a look about her of perfect security and contentment, and she did not attempt to move, even when I bent down and stroked her.

There is an old saying: "as free and happy as a lark." Undoubtedly it is happy in the natural surroundings it enjoys in the summer, but when winter's grip is on all the land, it is very different. It is with a feeling of pity that I have watched larks in my garden, feeding on such greenstuff as showed above the snow, and uttering faint cries, with their feathers puffed out, looking anything but happy. What a contrast to the time when the morning sun was awakening all nature, and we listened to their sweet song!

They will sing in confinement, but there is a marked difference in tone to that unfettered carol we hear from the invisible singer. After all, it is but natural it should be so; however kindly he is treated in confinement, no doubt, when he looks through his prison bars up to the blue sky above, regrets and longings come over his heart. I remember some years ago, when passing down a busy thoroughfare with a friend in a big manufacturing town in the Midlands, my attention was attracted by the singing of a lark. It was some time before I could make out where he was, but presently I espied him in a cage just under the eaves of a tall building. My friend said he had never heard anything so beautiful, and vowed he would have one at his house. I invited him to my place in the country: there, when the dewdrops glistened on every blade of grass, and the white mist was floating over the hills and all Nature was looking its best, he heard the skylark sing. "Never again," he said, "will I condemn a bird to a life of misery in a cage, for, as you say, theirs should be a life of freedom"—as their Maker meant it to be, and if we give them every attention in confinement, it is still an unnatural existence. For them, as for us, are the fields, the woods, the heaths, and the flowers, none of which we could so well appreciate if we knew all the while we were prisoners.

Correspondence

TWO CENTURIES OF ITALIAN PAINTING

(FROM AN ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT)

Florence, May 8

SINCE the days of Ruskin the attention of lovers of art has been so much centred on the primitives, that every subsequent period of art has been, one might say, forgotten or despised. This is true, especially with regard to Italian painting after Raphael, Correggio and Tintoretto, whose works came to be considered as the last glow of a supremacy which then passed from Italy to Spain, Flanders, Holland, England and France, where it was thought to have found a last resting place. But this rather conventional and easy conception, though attractive from the obvious lines of development that it gave to European art, does not explain many obscure points. How could it have been possible, that from schools of painting, which until the seventeenth century had taken a secondary place or were in a state of decadence, such personalities, as for instance, Velasquez, Rubens and Rembrandt, could have sprung? And how was it that this coincided with the widespread habit of travel in Italy for the sake of completing artistic education, and also with the fashion of importing Italian pictures, sculpture, prints and designs as the chief ornaments of newly started collections, as well as Italian artists to work and to teach? It is in answer to these questions that many scholars decided to study once more Italian painting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the result that their research raised the question whether it is not owing to prejudice that Italian painting of those two centuries has not been rightly appreciated. This prejudice consisted chiefly in considering the painting of these centuries as related only to the previous great masters of the Renaissance, inasmuch as it still contained something of their style; while the subject ought to have been ap-

proached from æsthetic principles in some ways antagonistic to those of the direct followers of Raphael, Correggio and Titian.

Such a problem having been suggested, the wish grew to solve it by collecting a sufficient number of the best representative paintings of those centuries so as to allow comparison and study never before attempted. The actual exhibition opened by the Comune of Florence in the Royal apartments at the Pitti, directly communicating with the Pitti gallery, is the outcome of this desire and the extraordinary richness of original paintings of all the Italian schools, obtained from churches, convents, from public and private collections, not only in Italy but in all Europe, affords the student a wonderful opportunity for study, and one that will probably not again be met with.

We do not wish to anticipate what only a close study of the argument can allow, but it is certain that such a magnificent gathering of pictures shows that the theory of the fundamental importance of Italian painting during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in forming a new European æsthetic sensibility, seems to be very much strengthened. In this respect the room devoted to Caravaggio and which contains his chief masterpieces, is particularly convincing. Here is a painter who nearly at the end of the *cinquecento* got away from all the mannerisms that characterized the *cinquecento* itself, returned to nature, and, proscribing all pleasant accessories, restored art to the purely essential. All this he did by means of light, and in this way he got at last to the Louvre picture of the 'Death of the Virgin' where the sense of atmosphere is so enveloping and so emotional as almost to suggest Rembrandt. His plastic relief on the other hand, developed by the Neapolitans, who are here well represented, reached Spain, and prepared the way for Velasquez. And when we consider that Caravaggio in his reaction against the decorative confined himself to purely pictorial problems, never attempting ornamental composition, we understand how much later European art exclusively interested in isolated pictures owes to him. On the other side it is in the Caracci and in the Bolognese school that we find the basis of all the exteriority of French, and in general of all decorative art of the seventeenth century, such as the *Galerie des Glaces* at Versailles. They gave prototypes to this kind of painting which have never been changed nor surpassed, and they did so by an intelligent combination of classical examples derived from Venice, Rome, Florence and Parma. Eclecticism, academical elaboration of an existing material, if you wish, but done in perfect correspondence to the religious and moral aims of the Council of Trent, and because of that, representative of the spirit of the century. This side of seventeenth-century art, consisting chiefly of frescoes, is, of course, less well represented than the others, though no master worthy of notice is missing. The third current of Italian art of that moment is embodied in Fetti and Strozzi, two painters less known, one from Rome the other from Genoa, but both working in Venice; they continued the Venetian tradition and opened the way for the marvellous eighteenth-century Venetian painting. In them, in fact, we find anticipated the joy of colour and the sense of life which Piazzetta and Tiepolo above all, were to carry to the highest point. The same colour and life is, by Guardi, reflected in minor but not less enchanting masterpieces. And were not the Venetian landscape painters of the end of the eighteenth century like Guardi himself, appreciated and called to England, so much as to leave a doubt whether from them may not have come in a measure the English school of landscape, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century renewed contemporary art?

Thus Italian art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries may from this exhibition be entirely revalued, that is to say, no more be looked upon as the height of theatrical bad taste and insincerity, but as the field for pictorial experiments which spread everywhere and

were the starting point for some of the greatest European masters between the Renaissance and our own time. In any case, even if this judgment may not be confirmed, the Pitti exhibition will always remain memorable for having fixed the historical position of some first-rate artists, up to now not well known, such as, besides those already named, Giuseppe Maria Crespi of Bologna, Bernardo Cavallino of Naples, Alessandro Magnasco of Genoa, Mattia Preti of Calabria, Giuseppe Bazzani of Mantua, and Francesco Maffei of Vicenza.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

MR. SARGENT'S WAR GENERALS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am tempted to question the opinion expressed by two of the soundest critics in their notices of Mr. Sargent's Generals. Mr. MacColl in the *SATURDAY REVIEW* considers that Mr. Sargent's picture "belongs to the kind that is nearly impossible" and Sir Claude Phillips, in the *Daily Telegraph*, goes still further and says Mr. Sargent has failed "where success would have been impossible."

I share the view of many that Mr. Sargent is the greatest living painter of the world and already ranks with the great old masters, yet when confronted with the only tragic failure I know of his life I cannot console myself with the thought that he had an impossible task, for I am too forcibly persuaded of the reverse by past achievements. I suspect Mr. Sargent did not feel sufficiently interested to attempt to solve this difficult problem, for his picture suggests that he felt he had a thankless job and the sooner it was finished the better. But the problem of arranging artistically twenty-two khaki-clad figures surely has great possibilities, a subject that should delight the artist by the very difficulties that must beset him on the way to success, for as Ruskin says, all painters are fighters. Indeed this subject really offers infinite scope for invention. Leonardo was always welcoming such artistic problems. The conception of the Last Supper from Giotto to Ghirlandaio, though interesting, never possessed dramatic intensity or splendour of design. Artists continually sought to solve the problem of making such a difficult subject a complete artistic success. Perhaps they had an impossible task. Leonardo came, he yearned for so-called impossible tasks and demonstrated that in the hands of a great master some were transformed to achievements. So I feel it is with portrait groups of figures in khaki. Mr. Sargent has learnt much from Frans Hals, and he must have delighted in that master's superb portrait groups of soldiers. It is the group of civic guards of Capt. Reymer Rael at Amsterdam with which Mr. Sargent's picture may be most fitly compared or rather contrasted. Here also the soldiers stand in a row, but an effective pattern is obtained by a strong light touching the figures here and there, while centralization is managed by placing the chief figure full in the light. The men have animation, because their attention appears to be arrested by something of interest.

A dramatic group of war generals is not difficult to imagine, though very difficult to design. Imagine them at headquarters discussing operations with a map the centre of interest; at the height of the discussion, when all their faces are animated by interest in the work of their lives, a shaft of sunlight streams through the

window, falling on the group. Would this not be truer in the highest sense than standing them up like puppets in a row? The group would be bound together by one interest, stirred by one emotion, a factor that gives unity to some of Courbet's fine groups.

Masses of khaki are not easy to manage, but colour is light, and strong light and shadow can break khaki into fascinating colours. Do not let us throw up the game and think these subjects impossible tasks. The old Florentines—the most intellectual painters and sculptors of the Christian world—did not produce their masterpieces with such spirit.

I am, etc.,
ARNOLD WHITTICK

South Norwood

A DIET OF LONGEVITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In the letter under the above heading in your last issue, your correspondent, writing from Paris, opens a subject of universal interest. But being concerned in the manufacture of one of the banned (life-destroying) articles, I would like permission to ask what knowledge or experience the Armenian woman living in Asia Minor has of beer and whether it is some local brew, or beer as known and consumed in this country, that was referred to.

That point settled, can we be told how it is that wine is to be regarded as life preserving whilst beer may be described as a life destroyer? In considering such a statement one naturally turns to a wine-drinking country, and those who care to do this will find that with a death rate 4 per 1,000 (26 per cent.) greater than ours, France, in proportion to population, consumes twelve bottles of wine to our one, and only one pint of beer to our three.

I am, etc.,
J. SIMPSON

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter on this subject in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 6, since for years I have been suggesting that the only way to bring about lasting friendship with India is to treat its soil and its cattle properly. And as for the cultivating ryot: "There is no denying the fact that he is poor, miserably poor. His children show it in their thin, pitifully scraggy condition, and in their pinched, hungry faces; his wife shows it, he shows it, his cattle show it," says the author of that interesting book, 'The Indian Countryside.'

Now let me give an extract from Sir Samuel Baker's book, 'The Albert N'Yanza,' to prove the fattening effect of curdled milk:

We used the milk native fashion, never drinking it until curdled. Taken in this form it will agree with the most delicate stomach. Although the fever had so completely taken possession of me that I was subject to an attack almost daily, the milk fattened me extremely, and kept up my strength, which otherwise must have failed. The change from starvation to good food produced a marvellous effect.

My eldest daughter, after having been for thirty-two years in a malarious district of India, is now in England looking the picture of health. She is very fond of dahi (curdled milk); and I put it down to dahi as being the best doctor in India.

I am, etc.,
DONALD NORMAN REID

Paddington, W.2

A PARADISE OF SOCIALISM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As there is no admitted standard in matters of taste, there is little use in questioning the good taste of your "Geneva Correspondent," who whilst earning his living in Switzerland and enjoying Swiss protection

and hospitality, finds an exercise for his literary skill in ridiculing Swiss habits as he sees them. He is not the first journalist to imagine that a man writes best about what he knows least, and his letters would be best ignored if, having appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW of February 25 and March 25, they had not been severely criticized here.

Your "Geneva Correspondent" commits himself to the statements that the people of this city of Calvin "have dispensed with every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God and have decided to live by bread alone," that in this famous university there is not one "well-educated person," and that good Genevese society, which has always been well known for its hospitality, its elegance and its literary taste, contains no single individual who is "animated." It is very evident that your correspondent knows no Swiss worth knowing and imagines that nothing can exist which his eyes do not see: yet this does not excuse his unpardonably cheap remark that "the Swiss mistress is only as well-mannered as the Swiss maid."

Here, as elsewhere, things worth the having are not to be had for the asking, and a man must pay his way in Geneva as in London. He may win good friendship provided that he is himself a good friend, and kindly and agreeable society if he himself is kindly and sociable and contributes something agreeable to the common stock.

We who are domiciled in Switzerland, who owe much gratitude to our Swiss friends and who admire the sterling qualities of the Swiss nation, desire to tell you, Sir, that we wish your correspondent would return as soon as may be to "that immoderate and unaccountable civilization" into which he was born, where he may find other occasions for a display of his verbal niceties, and where his habit of short-sighted and unkindly disparagement may be taken at its own value.

I am, etc.,
BRITISH COLONY

Geneva

"WATCH JAPAN"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your correspondent (Mr. Dudeney) must be very much uninformed before he can draw a parallel between England in relation to Egypt and India and Japan with regard to China. India is a part of the British Empire and Egypt has been a British protectorate; whereas China had been the sole supreme mistress in the Far East till only a quarter of a century ago, and Japan herself owed her civilization directly to China. Apart from that, China is a sovereign power, and a friend of England. A little sense of proportion would have told your correspondent not to use such a form of argument. We are not, Sir, in the habit of taking notice of petty offences; but he has gone a little too far.

There is set opinion in this country about Mr. J. O. P. Bland's writings on Chinese affairs. I do not here propose to question your correspondent's authority. As regards what he calls "Chino-American propaganda," so far as the Chinese Government are concerned, they ought to feel flattered when they are thought "quick" enough—by your correspondent—to be able to put any amount of propaganda before the public in general, and the SATURDAY REVIEW in particular.

I am, etc.,
CHIAWEI KWO, M.A.

47 Woodfield Road, Ealing, W.

GALLOPHOBIA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The admirable article by the 'Man with a Lamp' in your issue of the 6th inst., is extremely apt, and I wish to goodness he or you would put such articles in pamphlet form and scatter them broadcast.

It is undoubtedly our duty to stand firmly at France's side in the present unsettled state of Europe, for in my humble opinion, invading hordes sweeping across Europe into France and occupying Calais, is in no ways an *extravagant hypothesis*. It is no good whatsoever waiting for a catastrophe to happen and then turn round and say: "Ha! si j'avais su, évidemment j'aurais agi tout autrement."

I am, etc.,

W. R. CADOGAN-ROTHERY

London, W.

"MONTER SUR LE BILLARD"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Miss Edith Bell is quite right. The operating table used to be called "le billard" by the soldiers. But Monsieur le Maire was not wrong. "Monter sur le billard" or "monter sur le bled" meant "to go over the top."

I am, etc.,

ERNEST DIMNET

Paris

A Woman's Causerie

COLOURED BOTTLES

THERE are men who say that women are cruel, but few women can truthfully agree with this. The generosity and kindness of women to each other is, perhaps, the one sign that man is becoming a little civilized. Among those who live only for amusement—and they are few enough, though shining and obvious as the night advertisements in Piccadilly Circus—there is a form of cruelty that is as unpleasant to watch as a child pulling at the wings of an insect. We have all seen something of this cruelty and we have all resented it, though we know that for those who indulge in it, it is only part of a game. But when it hurts, even for those who look on, it becomes an evil game badly played.

* * *

I was sitting in a tea shop gazing at people coming in and out, while the little boy who was with me fixed his attention on a pile of cakes set in the middle of our small table. On our left sat a dark young woman with a friend, another woman, heavy and dull, who looked as if she had sat there from immemorial time and would still be sitting there when the row of bottles, that made an orange background to her dreary back, were empty of their gold. The younger woman was restless: she kept on going into the other rooms to get more cakes, to look for friends, to show herself. She made a pretty picture in a low-cut dress and a long fur cape. Inarticulate and slow, her friend, lazily watching her, went on silently munching cake after cake.

* * *

Two women came in and sat down near the door. Hardly were they seated when the dark young woman went up to them. The women shook hands with her coldly, and though I felt that they knew her quite well, they did not get up nor did they even pretend to move. After a curt "How are you?" the talk languished. Why didn't her indifferent friend wake from her lethargy then, and pull the young woman away? It was easy for everyone to see that her friends were rude to her, but instead of appearing to resent it, she went on smiling and talking as if nothing were wrong, though once she turned away and bit her lip.

* * *

They may not have liked her, no doubt they thought her pushing, but she was graceful and pretty, and they could have shown in a more gentle way that she was not welcome. As I looked I thought that we have as

little meaning as coloured bottles, we shine or we are dull according to what has been put into us; the colour, dark or clear, is our soul. Why are we not all golden, so that the world like a sun could glow with happiness?

* * *

At that moment the door opened again and another woman came bustling in. The two who had been cold at once got up, shook hands with her effusively and began to talk with unnecessary animation. Now surely the dark young woman will leave, or she will say something to make them flush with shame. Is life longer than the falling of a star that anyone dares to be cruel? No. She still stood by them as if she found it difficult to move, as if she expected a word from them that would make everything easy and pleasant for her. Before sitting down one of the women put out her hand and, as if pushing her away, said, "Good-bye, good-bye." If she had said, "Garn, you slut!" it would have been prettier.

* * *

At that, the young woman turned to come back to her table. In hunching her shoulders to keep up her heavy fur cape, she lost something of her dignity of line, her face was hard and defiant yet at the same time like a child's that is about to burst into tears. I pulled at my cigarette and turned away my eyes, but I had to cling hard to realities—the busy waiters, the heaped-up chocolates, the pink and green sweets, and the people who while they talk to each other look at themselves in the glass—not to get up and break the coloured bottles on the heads of the two women sitting at the table near the door.

Yoi

Verse

THE WALL-FLOWER

A FIDDLE, a fife and a husky bassoon,
The three played together they make a fine tune
For sailors on leave on a land-afternoon.

Now Jack has the fiddle. They blasted his eyes
But the ears that they left him are double as wise,
And he talks to the string and the string it replies.

The fife is wee Sandy. His face is awry
And sets us all laughing as though we should die
As he nearly did when the shrapnel went by.

The third is old Davy. He's subject to fits
Since a bomb at Bapaume blew his gelding to bits—
Perhaps you remember our trouble with Fritz?

And Michael P. Noonan—he'd dance if he could;
He has only one leg, for the other is wood;
But he beats on the boards for to keep the time good.

And Franklin T. Lumber he bangs the tin tray;
His right arm at Ypres was all shot away—
But his left is as good for the double f play.

It's "Shall we reverse?" and "Now lift your big feet!"

From the men with the spurs to the men of the Fleet,
And Mike's wooden member a-marking the beat.

I hope I'll not hear them when I'm under ground,
The sound of boys laughing, the smooth fiddle sound,
For my wings couldn't grow with their feet going round.

I'm wicked and wild and not very well-bred,
And music and dancing they go to my head,
And if I should hear it I couldn't stay dead.

I couldn't stay dead. In a new life begun,
With a new pair of feet I should join in the fun—
It's unlucky I am that they didn't leave one.

WILFRID THORLEY

Reviews

THE DIVERSIFIED STATE

The Foundation of Sovereignty. By Harold J. Laski. Allen and Unwin. 15s. net.

THE new economic world is being brought in to redress the balance of the old political world. The land was first sighted many years before the recent war and those who achieved the industrial revolution were its pioneers. But the new hemisphere has yet to be charted and its precise boundaries have yet to be learned. The discovery will change—is in the process of changing—all our customary ideas. We are being swept along in a movement whose significance is comparable to the consolidation of Christendom in the Middle Ages or to the great national movement of the last century. The canons of religious belief and the formularies of political thought have in turn dominated Europe. The new economic society is now working itself out and giving in the process a new orientation to the world. Amongst those who are reflecting on the trend of this great development and are endeavouring to guide it and to give it expression, Mr. Laski is by no means the least important. He has already made himself well known both in England and in America, by 'The Problem of Sovereignty' and 'Authority in the Modern State.' He is a protagonist of guild socialism, or, as he calls it, of "the pluralistic State." It is the thesis of this book that political theorizing has been too much concerned with political sovereignty, that is, with the principle of political authority within the State. Something of far greater importance has therefore been ignored—the quality of the life of the citizens. Mr. Laski holds, quite incontrovertibly, that a democracy will not rest content with a legal conception of the State. It will insist that the State shall recognize that the real life of the citizens is more appropriately expressed through their economic than through their political organizations. Political institutions do not at present meet the demand of the economic man that he shall control the realities of his existence, that he shall control his economic life. Mr. Laski believes that it is not incompatible with the old political theory of the sovereignty of the State to admit the validity of subordinate forms of society, and to grant them a legal sanction to exercise a sovereign sway within their own spheres. What the Bar and the Medical Profession have achieved by prescription and consent can only be achieved for parallel organizations within industry by the granting of legal sanctions. So long as the right of private bargain remains fortified with its last reserve of power—starvation—there can never be what he again and again refers to as freedom. He therefore conceives the state of the future as a federation of a number of subordinate organizations, each one possessing a compelling force of its own and recognized by the State.

Mr. Laski's whole attitude—it will be seen at once—is coloured by Platonism. The State is to him an organism whose object must be to provide the fullest measure of free life for the individual citizen. But he carries into the realm of government what neither Plato nor Aristotle attempted. In the small State of antiquity the problem of recognizing the self-Government of clubs of musicians or soldiers did not present itself. Similarly, Mr. Laski is considering a question which was entirely ignored by the school of *laissez faire*, in whose view the State is a political unit not concerned with the life of the community, but only existing to preserve law and order. It is, however, quite possible for those who accept this latter definition of the State to welcome the elimination from politics of all matters which can be appropriately settled through other media than centralized Parliaments. Indeed, it is because the political machine is too much concerned with industrial affairs that the terminology of industry is too readily applied to it. And when Mr. Laski in-

sists on calling the modern state "capitalistic" he goes beyond his premises and introduces a purely personal predilection. It is unfortunate that in essays which are so scholarly he should introduce an epithet which is not necessary to his argument. The organs of government—it cannot be gainsaid—are in the hands of people who, for the most part, have money and leisure. But we are no more entitled to call the State "capitalistic" because many of those who control it have property, than we are entitled to call it religious because the majority of the holders of power would describe themselves as members of the Church of England.

In principle we approve entirely of the modern tendency to emancipate the State from considerations which are not purely political. Not only do we believe that when the validity of the sub-organizations and nerve-centres in the community is recognized the citizen will enjoy a fuller life, but that politics themselves will become cleaner and the politician will no longer have to purchase a career in Parliament by scattering doles to the multitude and maintaining a slave population out of the public purse.

Mr. Laski, in his forecast of the future development of economic organization, lays too much stress on the supreme interest of the producer. The existence of the Whitley Councils tends to emphasize the equality of both employers and employed, and if we are to judge by Mr. Henderson's recent article in the *Times* on the question of an industrial Parliament, even Labour leaders are recognizing that the employer is as worthy of representation as the employed. Fundamentally, the interests of the two must be identical and although in the utterances of visionaries, the capitalist is assumed to be destined for destruction, there is no evidence that the time is close at hand. In the meanwhile the fostering of these sub-organizations and the endowing of them with power hitherto wielded by the State will enable them to work out on their own lines their ultimate destiny. The economic units may become a counterpoise to the State in its present function as the Universal benefactor. But Mr. Laski does not envisage this consummation. To this extent the wisdom of his prognosis will be found in consequences which he has not foreseen. If the new adjustment which he forecasts is to prevail and the Trade Unions will assume that responsibility which their rights imply few will deplore the change. The present conception of the State cannot be permanently valid in the face of a development of an economic society which leaves the majority of the citizens no part in their citizenship. There is certainly much wrong in a condition of affairs in which there can be no free life for the majority who remain condemned to the receipt of palliatives. In so far as the State will be released from the present claims on its charitable offices, and industrial units can gain thereby a full responsibility for their own salvation, the decentralization of sovereign power, which Mr. Laski advocates, will be a welcome relief.

MICHAEL FIELD

Michael Field. By Mary Sturgeon. Harrap. 6s. net.

THE problem of Michael Field, the dual poet, is from every point of view fascinating. The human relationship of the two maiden ladies who devoted their lives to each other and to poetry, was of such a quality that the plain man and the poet can equally derive inspiration from it. It was consummated by an act of heroism which, if less spectacular than the deeds of such more trumpeted ladies as Grace Darling or Florence Nightingale, was as austere and splendid as any Roman dame was capable of. It would be irreverent to describe it in the columns of a journal. The literary craftsman will find the collaboration of these ladies interesting, not only because of the subsidiary delight he will find in dissociating, if he can, the personalities who were fused in the plays and poems of

Michael Field, but because of the analogy it provides with such modern collaborations as Erckmann-Chatrion and the de Goncourts; or, to descend a stage, the novelists, Somerville and Ross; or to descend several stages further (as we are entitled, seeing that our craftsman is a student of the whole philosophy of collaboration), such popular recent writers as Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and Mr. and Mrs. Castle. And finally, to reassume our original level, he will find it difficult to resist a continuous mental comparison of these two writers with the most famous and most puzzling of all collaborators, Beaumont and Fletcher, as he pursues the sympathetic and intelligent analysis of Miss Sturgeon—only her first contribution, we trust, to the establishment of Michael Field in her rightful position between the major Catholic Victorian poets, Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore.

Katherine Bradley was born at Birmingham in 1846, sixteen years before her niece, Edith Cooper. They were born into that intimate connexion between commerce and art with which Miss Sturgeon further associates the names of Horniman, Fry and Beecham. Aunt and niece were thrown together from the beginning, physically, mentally and spiritually, providing thus that indissoluble intimacy out of which alone such a partnership could have grown. One partner produced a volume of lyrics under the name of 'Arran Leigh' in 1875, both produced a tragedy called 'Beleroophon' in 1881, under the name of 'Arran and Isla Leigh.' But the work of Michael Field proper did not appear till the publication of 'Callirrhoe,' in the spring of 1884. Thereafter followed a large number of volumes, both of lyrical and dramatic poetry, until the death of Katherine Bradley, the survivor, in 1914. One or two posthumous volumes have appeared since that date. It may safely be said that there is no English nineteenth-century poet of such grace and distinction and fervour whose work has remained so consistently unknown as the work of Michael Field. It is consoling to read Miss Sturgeon's quotation of the SATURDAY REVIEW'S criticism of 'Callirrhoe':

The immutable attributes of poetry . . . beauty of conception, strength and purity of language . . . brilliant distinction and consistent development of the characters . . . a poet of distinguished powers.

It is consoling also to realize how some of the loftiest spirits of an earlier age and of our own, recognized the progressive importance of these additions to our poetry. Browning and Meredith, Mr. Shannon and Mr. Gordon Bottomley were no mean solaces for the indifference of the world. If it was Michael Field who turned the genius of Mr. Bottomley towards the magnificent poetic dramas he has since created, it is not least of the honours of Michael Field.

The volume before us shows a very marked advance upon Miss Sturgeon's earlier critical volume, 'Studies of Contemporary Poets,' which was somewhat disproportionate and unperceptive. Even more, the subjects then chosen by her for treatment showed rarely any fine hazard of intuition. Mr. Hardy has needed to wait for the acclamation of a vanguard of critics before Miss Sturgeon was audacious enough to include him in her revised 'Studies.' Yet the least we can say is that her present devotion to Michael Field, who more than all late poets needs championship, is an ample atonement. Her style and judgment have improved considerably. Nothing could be more subtly just than her analysis of the nature of the tragic poet.

The attributes of a tragic poet are not necessarily revealed in the externals of his art. . . . If he could be confidently measured on a rule and appraised on a formula, many anomalies might be drawn to our net, including the urbane and essentially comic spirit of the author of 'Cato' and the mere dramaturgic facility of the author of 'Herod.' With such as these, behind the formula of tragedy nothing remains—no tragic vision, no sense of inimical and warring forces, no terror at their subtle and formidable power.

Only at rare moments does Miss Sturgeon betray an unconscious humour which she perhaps should not seek to eliminate. So it is that she finds Michael Field's

determination to leave Clifton and settle at Reigate "an almost symbolic act." It meant, apparently, "that they removed themselves into what was at once a bigger and a smaller world, the resources of the metropolis lying accessible to the deliberate limits of their social existence much as their greater mental area now lay subject to a stricter rule." Even more ingenuous is the observation that Michael Field proved her naïveté by "printing at the end of her books the bad as well as the good reviews." Michael Field was astuter than her essayist. It was a piece of humorous tactics worthy of an author who could publish her poems in a "Revised and Decreased Edition."

BY-PATHS OF HISTORY

Glengarry's Way and Other Studies. By William Roughead. Edinburgh: Green. 10s. 6d. net.

Four Famous Mysteries. By Sir John Hall, Bart. Nisbet. 10s. 6d. net.

ASKIRT of Mr. Andrew Lang's voluminous mantle fell on Mr. Roughead, who continues to wear it effectively in by-paths of Scottish history. The essay which gives its title to this very entertaining volume deals with that Macdonell of Glengarry who is immortalized by the fact that he once made Scott a present of some excellent whisky, mentioned with gratitude in the most fascinating of all journals. Glengarry was the last of the Highland Chiefs, and is thought to have sat for the portrait of Fergus MacIvor. Mr. Roughead, by the way, makes an unusual slip in saying that Glengarry's wife was the daughter of Sir Walter's first love. As the elusive and romantic Green Mantle only married the younger Forbes of Pitsligo in 1796, the lady whom Glengarry married in 1802 was, of course, not her daughter, but her sister-in-law. Some recent trials give a topical interest to the essay called 'Locusta in Scotland: a familiar study of poisoning, as practised in that realm.' The first Scots Act to recognize the crime of poisoning as such was that of 1450, whereby all persons are forbidden under pain of treason to bring home poison for any use by which any Christian man or woman may take bodily harm. The earliest authentic trial is that of Lady Glamis, who evaded a charge of poisoning her first husband in 1532, but was convicted five years later for conspiring to destroy the King "be poysoned," and was burnt alive on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh "with great commiseration of the people, in regard of her noble blood and singular beaute." For a long time poison and witchcraft were inextricably mixed together in judicial records. The first straightforward case of poisoning seems to be that of the Erskines in 1613—a brother and three sisters who poisoned their youthful nephews for their estate. In most of these early cases the poisons used seem to have been decoctions of herbs, known to the "wise women" who no doubt often suffered justly as murderers, though absurdly condemned as witches. The first definite notice of arsenic is in a trial of 1649. Mr. Roughead notes that, "so curiously conservative is the criminal mind, this irritant has since continued the standard medium in homicidal poisoning. . . . Its deadly properties were well known; it was readily obtainable and easily administered; and, until in 1836 Marsh discovered his test, there was no certain method for its detection." The most famous Scottish cases were no doubt those of Madeleine Smith in 1857 and Dr. Pritchard in 1865. Miss Smith escaped on a verdict of "not proven"; Mr. Roughead does not concur in the popular verdict, "if she did not poison him, she ought to have done it." Pritchard is one of the extraordinarily few medical men who have utilized their knowledge and opportunities for murder; it is gratifying to learn that he was, after all, only a "charlatan with a German diploma." Mr. Roughead, in other articles, revivifies many interesting figures that slept

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in old juridicial records. His last paper, a bi-centenary sketch of M'Queen of Braxfield, shows that Cockburn's account of that famous judge was a very partisan piece of work, and draws a more pleasing picture of the real Weir of Hermiston.

Sir John Hall deals with four "mysteries" of which only one can justly be called "famous," the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. The other three are the source of Canning's information as to the Treaty of Tilsit, the disappearance of Benjamin Bathurst in 1809 on his way home from Vienna, and the murder of Paul Louis Courier. In the three former cases no definite solution is obtained, whilst in the last the only thing left doubtful by the trial was the extent of Madame Courier's complicity. Sir John Hall has evidently taken much pains with his researches. If he would take more pains with his pronouns it would assist the reader; on pp. 133 and 135, for instance, it needs some study to disentangle the various he's and him's.

THE LAST EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

The Real Tsaritsa. By Madame Lili Dehn. Butterworth. 15s. net.

THE worst stories which were told about the late Empress of Russia—especially in regard to her relations with Rasputin—are now generally admitted to have been Revolutionary propaganda of a peculiarly offensive kind, comparable with similar allegations against Marie Antoinette. Alexandra Feodorovna was neither a Messalina nor a Vampire; the heaviest accusation which history will bring against her is that of having been a kind of Imperial Mrs. Proudie. It is, however, largely in order to rebut these incredible accusations that Madame Dehn has undertaken to sketch a portrait of "the real Tsaritsa." Her book seems to be a genuine product of a true and close friendship. It is not very well written, and the style suggests a pen more familiar with journalistic clichés than one would expect to belong to the pupil of a Victorian governess. Madame Dehn married an officer of the Tsar's personal guard in 1907, and was speedily taken into favour by the empress; she was a distant relation of the notorious Anna Virouboff, whom she described as a "childish, harmless, weak" creature. Madame Dehn shared the intimate life of the Imperial family; her son was the Tsaritsa's god-child and the playmate of the Tsarevitch; she used to sit of an evening doing fancy-work with the Empress and her daughters whilst the Tsar played dominoes. "I am no skilled writer," she says; "I know little or nothing of politics, but I can lay claim to some knowledge of my own sex." We have every sympathy with her eager and scornful refutation of the scandalous stories already mentioned, and we quite accept her sketch of the Tsaritsa's character as very much what one would expect in a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria who had been educated in a small German Court. Madame Dehn says that the Tsaritsa possessed her grandmother's love of law and order, her faithful adherence to family duty, and her dislike of modernity. She was also marked by the homeliness of the Coburgs, a constant grievance to the Russian aristocracy, who could not understand "why on all the earth their Empress knitted scarves and shawls as presents for her friends, or gave them dress-lengths." A highly characteristic anecdote shows her bestirring herself, when she first arrived in St. Petersburg, to get the Palace grates black-leaded in the true English fashion, and showing the servants with her own hands how the thing should be done. Even in the anxious hours of the Revolution, the Tsaritsa had time to scold Madame Dehn for not knowing how to make her own bed: "When I was a girl," she said, as she arranged the blankets, "my grandmother, Queen Victoria, showed me how to make a bed." It is not of such elements that Messalinas are composed, and we quite accept

Madame Dehn's assertion that neither she nor the Empress ever realized the evil side of Rasputin, who imposed himself on both of them as the heaven-sent healer who saved the children from death. The political faults of the Tsaritsa are not under discussion. Madame Dehn admits her obstinacy and her lack of comprehension or sympathy for Russian problems; but we are glad to have this unvarnished testimony to her excellent qualities as a dutiful wife, a devoted mother, and a faithful friend.

KITCHENER'S INDIA

Under Ten Viceroy. The Reminiscences of a Gurkha. By Major-General Nigel Woodyat. Jenkins. 16s. net.

TEN Viceroy, but the personality that most clearly disengages itself from the trappings of high office in the officialized and ceremonial country of Major-General Woodyat's reminiscences is that of a Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener. The nature of Kitchener's work in India was, and probably still is, widely misunderstood; the popular notion of the Kitchener-Curzon controversy is unrelated to its central facts; and even his personality, made so familiar in certain aspects to those who read the gossip press, remains in some ways unappreciated. Here Major-General Woodyat, though not very closely associated with Kitchener, has been able to do some useful work. He tends, indeed, to over-estimate some of Kitchener's Indian reforms, and perhaps does not fully realize the significance of a story told by himself of the excessively literal obedience rendered to the Commander-in-Chief by many of his subordinates. On certain Generals and Staff Officers in India, Kitchener had a thoroughly bad effect. He impressed them to such an extent that his unconsidered preferences were hastily exalted by them into military principles, and when he once said he would like the various Commands to assume joint responsibility for a manœuvre map of India, if only that each might learn more of its own ground, there was a furious outburst of mapping operations at the most unsuitable time of year and to the annoyance of everyone, including Kitchener himself. But Major-General Woodyat's defence of the Kitchener system, which broke down during the war, partly because of a notorious personal defect and partly because it had not been carried through to the point he desired, is on the whole sound as well as chivalrous, and his sketch of Kitchener the man gives us a more human figure than most other admirers have painted. We like the story of Kitchener declining to accord Sir William Meyer, his financial adviser, temporary military rank, but offering by way of consolation a promise of a military funeral if Sir William should pass away while working for the Army.

Kitchener, as Major-General Woodyat admits, and as everybody having knowledge of India will agree, never won for himself that place in the affection of the native soldier which was Roberts's without effort and which in a great measure, though not quite so easily, is now Sir William Birdwood's. Among civilians with that power of winning the devotion of the people, Major-General Woodyat was fortunate enough to know Ramsay, the "King of Kumaon," whose name, we can ourselves testify, is even now deeply venerated in every village of his mountains. The author would appear to be himself in a considerable degree gifted with this power, which, by the way, is never found in those who sentimentalize about the brotherhood of Oriental and Occidental peoples. At any rate, he made an improbable success of recruiting and disciplining Limbus and Rais, classes of Gurkhas very sparingly drawn on before the war, on account of their truculence and inability to tolerate certain forms of discipline. Gurkhas differ physically and morally far more widely than is commonly supposed; the Thakurs, Gurungs, Magars and the men drawn from eastern Nepal, cannot all be

treated alike. Yet all have in common the qualities of courage and of appreciation of the ludicrous which make the Gurkha so formidable and so cheery a soldier. Major-General Woodyat pays a well-deserved tribute to Nepal as the friend of Great Britain. The little State's war effort was in truth magnificent, for with an adult male population of less than one million, it produced 200,000 men for the war.

It would be unfair to pick the best of the author's anecdotes out of the agreeable if rather carelessly presented miscellany he sets before readers, and it would be perhaps taking his political opinions too seriously to summarize them here. We could wish, however, that the Government of India had at hand someone to give them advice such as the author received from his friend, Colonel Green. It was Colonel Green who told him the whole secret of making jackals run straight. Indian administration is in some respects simpler than we suppose. Within certain limits it is mainly an affair of running straight, and a good many of the present troubles in India are due to, or aggravated by, exercises in diplomacy for which British officials have had little training and which scarcely accord with the traditions of our rule.

HEAD-HUNTERS AT HOME

Among Primitive Peoples in Borneo. By Ivor H. N. Evans. Seeley Service. 21s. net.

MR. EVANS in this book describes the lives, habits and customs of the piratical head-hunters of North Borneo, and gives an account of interesting objects of prehistoric antiquity discovered in the island. The environment of the primitive peoples is well known to be the second largest island in the world, with a coast fringe of mangrove-swamps, then plains mostly covered with jungle, then foot-hills, and the mountains of the interior. The climate is hot and damp; and there is a good deal of fever. The coastal people are Malayan and mostly lax Mohammedans, rather feckless and untrustworthy, but fond of sport. The natives of the plains and up-country regions are Indonesians, thrifty, self-respecting, and pagan. To a large section of them the term Dusun (meaning "orchard people") is applied. They live in village communities, governed by a headman; they are short and muscular; usually as honest as the day, except as regards buffalo-snatching, which is regarded as sport, not theft. The Dusuns are manly, pleasant folk, appreciating and returning respect, with wholesome family relations and a considerable sense of humour. Monogamy is the general rule. The facilities for courtship are considerable, but they are seldom abused. In some villages the initiative is that the young man takes off his coat and hangs it up near the door of the house where his inamorata lives. Good Dusuns always wish to be buried in a large jar, but it is not everyone who can afford this. Their ghosts ascend Kinabalu, a magnificent mountain which towers up almost perpendicularly on its seaward face to a height of 13,400 feet. A mundane excursion up the mountain is not lightly undertaken, and never without due warning and propitiation of the departed spirits. The Dusuns are animists and a notable feature in their religious ceremonies is that the chief part is taken by the women. There seems to be a religious, as well as a sporting, side to the head-hunting; for, as in many other countries, there is a belief among the Dusuns that a victim is necessary in order to secure a good crop of padi, or to ward off bad luck from a family, or to secure fertility to the women. And a third aspect of the head-hunting was social, for among some Dusun tribes the women did not regard a youth as a man until he brought in his head. We use the past tense, since the head-hunting is now almost in abeyance, under the firm rule of the Chartered Company.

From the attractive Dusuns, Mr. Evans turns to the very different Proto-Malayan Bajaus and the Illanuns, the two peoples of the sea-board and lower river reaches. "In character the Bajau is a lazy spend-

thrift, a liar, a cheat, a thief, a wheedler, a blusterer and a swaggerer." This is "some" indictment, but there are redeeming features. The Bajau is a sportsman, loving sport for sport's sake, whether it be a deer-drive or a cock-fight. When excited or interested he can work. The Illanuns are everything the Bajaus are, "only more so." Both peoples suffer badly from the suppression of pillage and piracy; their livelihood has gone.

The best that can be said of the Illanuns is that, though their deeds are evil, they are gentlemanly rascals. Their worst actions are often partly redeemed by some humorous touch or plausible excuse, which makes one want to laugh even when extremely angry. The character of the women of both peoples is a good deal higher than that of their mankind; they enjoy a considerable degree of liberty which they do not abuse—unless perhaps in chewing.

As Mohammedans the Bajaus and Illanuns must steer clear of intoxicants; but there are a few sophists who maintain that beer, not having been invented in the Prophet's time, could not be forbidden. Their religion sits lightly on these swashbucklers, and only the devout observe the fasting month of Ramadan. But there are orthodox Bajaus who usher in the month with an epidemic of spitting, for their own saliva is included in the ordinance of not swallowing from sunset to sunrise. "This continuous fusillade of expectoration is rather apt to get on the nerves at first."

Mr. Evans has told us in a straightforward picturesque way all about North Borneo. We have not been able to do more than give samples of his comprehensive survey. He is careful to distinguish what he saw from what he heard; he warns his readers against hasty generalization where there is so much individuality; he has been able to lay aside occidental spectacles. His well-written, well-illustrated book is a piece of work to be proud of.

Fiction

Mr. Prohack. By Arnold Bennett. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

NOTHING that Mr. Arnold Bennett could do or fail to do could deprive him of the place that he holds in contemporary English literature. 'The Old Wives' Tale' will live with the best literature of the nineteenth century; and a dozen of his books on the Five Towns will rank higher than Zola in a future survey of realistic fiction of the period. Therefore, as Mr. Bennett has been so industrious during his crescent period, we turn with a certain indulgence to a perusal of the works, as they come out, of his prosperous and well-deserved security. In the case of 'Mr. Prohack' the indulgence is not required. It is an extremely interesting, amusing, provocative book in which full value is given both for the money expended on its purchase, and for the expectation raised by Mr. Bennett's powers as a novelist. Personally we prefer Mr. Bennett when he writes of the Five Towns. His accounts of the metropolitan world, whether they are concerned with the intimate eccentricities of fashionable coteries or, as in this case, with the prosperous respectable Civil Servant of the upper grade, are only less interesting because Mr. Bennett does not know and understand them so well. He views them from the outside. And although what he views from the outside is viewed as carefully and as artistically as that which he sees from the inside, it just lacks that intimate touch of knowledge and familiarity which puts us all at our ease when we are reading about the Burslem tram or about the vagaries of the gas in some parlour in the suburbs of the Five Towns. The psychology, if one may say it, of this Mr. Prohack—the Civil Servant who inherits wealth—is well and truly done; the trouble is that it works through external circumstances of an artificial, elaborate, and yet rather incredible kind. No wonder if, as in the case of Mr. Prohack, the once inspired hand grows a little tired. We who have received such benefit and entertainment from that hand should be the last to complain, and the first to praise the industry

that perhaps has been a cause of the diminished freshness. Certainly, for our own part, 'Mr. Prohack' will take an honoured place in a happily lengthening Bennett shelf.

The Red House Mystery. By A. A. Milne. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

SLOWLY and steadily the younger contributors to *Punch* are developing an interesting double mentality. They are not so humorous as their predecessors, in their robust Victorian manner; but they are much more witty. Humour is a quality of the emotions, which are at a discount. Wit is a quality purely of the mind, which is at a premium. That is why such witty writers as Mr. A. P. Herbert and now Mr. A. A. Milne have so irresistibly been drawn to the novel of ingenuity and murder. In Mr. Herbert's 'The House by the River' we knew all the time who had committed the murder. In Mr. Milne's 'The Red House Mystery' the murderer is most cunningly concealed. Yet the principle is the same in both novels. Horror and wit stare each other in the face from opposite sides of a window and call a pact. It only remains for Mr. E. V. Knox to weave a detective poem around the disappearance of a *cæsura* or the unaccountable truncation of a foot. The atmosphere of 'The Red House Mystery' is the same drowsy heat as encompassed us in 'Mr. Pym Passes By.' There is a "lazy murmur of bees in the flower-borders, a gentle cooing of pigeons in the tops of the elms." In this pleasant quietude, interrupted only by the click of croquet balls or the breathless mathematic of tennis, Mark Ablett is entertaining his friends. Suddenly Mark announces that his extremely undesirable brother Robert is arriving that afternoon from Australia. Robert Ablett duly arrives. There is only just time for Antony Gillingham, a casual and debonnaire stranger, to follow the colonial by two or three minutes, before a shot is heard, Mark Ablett's secretary is found beating frantically at a locked door, and Robert Ablett's body is discovered prostrate, a bullet through his head. Who has committed the murder? Who else can it be than Mark, who has publicly declared his dislike of the intruder, and is now found to have disappeared? We must leave that to be decided by Mr. Milne and his loyal colleague, Mr. Gillingham. We break no important secret if we at once declare that the casual Mr. Gillingham, despite the detective's momentary suspicion, is not actually guilty of the offence. The criticism on psychological grounds of such a carefully constructed puzzle as 'The Red House Mystery' would be immoral. Mr. Milne knows that we are at his mercy for we cannot discuss the treatment of motives and characters without giving the reader clues to the real solution of the mystery, and we have too much enjoyed being baffled ourselves to prevent our readers from experiencing the same genial irritation. All that honour permits us to say is this: that we do not really believe that X would have behaved so elaborately on so flimsy a pretext nor that Y's motivation is adequately analysed. We hope that Mr. Milne apprehends us and that the reader does not. The reader is merely to be envied for the evening's entertainment before him.

Dead Reckoning. By Eric Leadbitter. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

ONE is sometimes surprised by the general insensibility of ancient literary convention to those potential humours which are involved in the relation between a man's mother and his wife. For this omission our modern comic writers have, we must agree, made all due atonement, and a little over; and fiction aiming at realism shows also some recognition of the tragic element in the situation. Mr. Leadbitter has chosen the exceptional method of presenting what may be termed a counterpart to the traditional picture. His hero, a retired sea-captain endowed with many virtues

and some eccentricities, and devoted to his only daughter, has to face, as he can, the problem of getting on with a son-in-law of whom he thoroughly, and not quite unreasonably, disapproves. Ivan Thorne, the son-in-law aforesaid, "was an artist, with an artist's sensitive temperament, but he was, of course, still more a snob." The net result of this happy combination is a nature which, though redeemed by much charm and intelligence, could scarcely commend itself to a lovable old Philistine, contemptuous of art, and timidly unfamiliar with the social shibboleths. The inevitable clash of personalities is treated by the author with fine delicacy and discrimination. His sympathy with the woman's point of view is especially remarkable. He has an almost uncanny insight into the feelings of the daughter-wife, torn between the demands of two beloved and mutually antipathetic males, who are more or less always on her hands. For the painter's work does not take him out of doors, and the captain, both as partial invalid and source of income, is necessarily an inmate in the young *ménage*. The story ends on an almost despairing note, only too easily justified. Yet we are inclined to augur better things than Mr. Leadbitter for the part hereafter to be played by Ivan's children in smoothing out the family complications.

Man and Maid. By Elinor Glyn. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

SIR NICHOLAS THORMONDE, Bart., V.C., was of the line of Ouida's renowned guardsmen, irresistibly comely (in spite of disfiguring wounds), crushingly aristocratic, the friend of duchesses, gorgeously rich, immoral, passionate, superficially cynical, yet at heart as sentimental as a schoolgirl. He was highly accomplished, too, writing expert books on old furniture, appreciating music and poetry, and "furbishing up" his Greek by the study of Plato. We presume that his pedantic spelling of his lady-love's name as 'Alathea' must be taken as a sign of his progress. Like his prototype, Beauty of the Brigade, he surrounds himself with Suzettes and Coralies, to whom he carelessly tossed cheques "of four figures" when he felt amiable, and whom he as carelessly dismissed when he had had enough of them. Mrs. Glyn here gives us his diary, which tells of the coming into his sybaritic life of the little, red-handed, taciturn secretary, in tinted spectacles, who finally reveals herself (without giving us any great shock of surprise) as a disguised beauty of lofty birth and sound principles. Under protest, owing to her disapproval of his life, she becomes Lady Thormonde; and realizing before long his essential nobility of character, she confesses her love, and weans him of his pessimism and loose habits. Sir Nicholas, although a good deal of a cave-man, has quite a feminine style of writing. "Darling" is one of his favourite adjectives, he adores marks of exclamation, and his punctuation is wild. Moreover his English is often slipshod, although he is clearly unconscious of the fact; for it was, he tells us, from her voice and diction that he first decided that Alathea's family must be "very refined gentlefolk." As a page or two before this remark he had been using such phrases as "I suppose off she'll fly like the housemaids used," one would not have suspected him of such nicety. Much of the conversation of his Parisian friends and mistresses is set down in that irritating jargon which is formed by translating French literally into English, and garnishing it with "*Que voulez-vous?*" "*Va!*" "*Tiens!*" and other tags. We have never understood the need for this language, which has the effect of suggesting that all foreigners are half-witted. The obvious plan, one would think, would be to render sensible French into sensible English, and not into baby-talk. There is an inexhaustible public for conventional love-stories, especially where the characters are titled and rich; so that 'Man and Maid,' which is quite luscious and lively, should sell readily.

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

MR. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH has the distinction of arousing interest in any book that bears his imprint. Being a publisher on a comparatively small scale he has been able to afford to pick and choose his books, and he has been fortunate as well as skilful in choosing works of outstanding interest and significance that have appealed both to the critic and to the public. I do not know what the public will say about *Son of Power*, by Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost (7s. 6d. net). The nomenclature of authorship means nothing to me; but here undoubtedly, as in the case of so many books published of Mr. Butterworth, is something quite unlike the ordinary book. It is about a creature who had to do with wild animals in New York Zoos as well as in the Indian jungles. It shows a very real knowledge of wild animals as well as of those who have to do with them and deal in them. It seems in some ways to be derived from the 'Jungle Book,' but it breaks quite new ground. It is a curious and baffling story; it raised my expectations to the highest degree through three-quarters of it, and disappointed them in the last quarter. But as so many books only raise your expectations in the first chapter and disappoint them in the subsequent thirty chapters, one ought to be grateful for what is an arresting and distinguished work in which experience and imagination are cleverly blended.

Messrs. Constable, who are about to begin publication of the new five-shilling Mickleham edition of Meredith, print in their Monthly List for May an interesting comparison of the lengths of the novels of Meredith, Hardy and R. L. S. Meredith easily leads the way in the matter of quantity, the average length of his novels being no less than 189,000 words. *Harry Richmond* contains as many as 240,000 words, and *Beauchamp's Career* 230,000. The longest Hardy novel is *Tess*, which contains 172,000 words, and Stevenson's *St. Ives* has the same number. But all these lengths are very greatly in excess of those of the average novel of to-day, which is only between 70,000 and 80,000 words. It is a sign of the passing of the leisurely age. But when we consider that these comparatively short modern novels are sold at 7s. 6d. each, we are the better able to appreciate the achievement of producing 189,000 words for 5s. The Mickleham Meredith is to be issued in small volumes printed in large type on specially manufactured paper, and I look forward with interest to its appearance.

I am always inclined to be sceptical of the practical value of handbooks on the theory of various games, and I have not as a rule found in Lawn Tennis Manuals anything to change my opinion. But *Lawn Tennis Do's and Dont's* (Methuen: 2s. net), by A. E. Crawley, has proved a genuine exception. Probably because Mr. Crawley is an accomplished performer with a pen as well as with a racquet, he has provided the beginner in this little book, at a price within everyone's reach, with an extremely lucid exposition of the elements of stroke-play and tactics, which I have no doubt will be of real benefit to many people. It is hard to describe by word alone the method of making a stroke, but Mr. Crawley has admirably succeeded.

I have been reading a delightful collection of *Poems from Punch, 1900-1920* (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.) with an introductory essay by W. B. Drayton Henderson. The last anthology of this kind was published in 1908, and this new volume brings the collection up to date, or at all events, as Mr. Henderson says, to the end of a definite epoch, for in 1921 began again such joys as Test Matches and other events which betoken a return to happier days. It is pleasant to be able to enjoy again at will the vivid sea-pieces of Miss C. Fox-

Smith, the felicities of Evøe, the inimitable rhyming and the pungency of Sir Owen Seaman's verses. But I myself like best of all a nursery-rhyme-like piece which, unhappily, lacks a signature. Who is this modest bard, who forbears to acknowledge his shining place in the constellation?

Walking on the King's Way, lady, my lady,
Walking on the King's Way, will you go in red?
With a silken whimple, and a ruby on your finger,
And a furry mantle trailing where you tread?

The best jacket design—and indeed by far the best produced book—that has reached us this week is E. R. Eddison's romance, *The Worm Ouroboros*, published by Mr. Jonathan Cape. As the book will receive a more extended notice I will say nothing about it here, except that Mr. Keith Henderson's illustrations and designs (one of which adorns the jacket) combine with good paper and the really fine printing of R. & R. Clark to produce a result that fills a book-lover like myself with hope for a return of the good days of English book production. The next best cover comes from Messrs. Heinemann, and is that of *Jade*, a volume of clever and glowing sketches of Chinese life in San Francisco and elsewhere, by Mr. Hugh Wiley. The most telling design of the poster type is on the cover of Miss Violette Roberts's *Scarlet Patches*, published by the Bodley Head.

I have something to add, in justice to the publishers, to my remarks of a week or two ago on the subject of potted reviews on the dust covers of books. Literary journalism to-day has in many quarters become so commercialized that conscientious reviewing has ceased to exist, and in such circumstances the "reviewette" on the jacket may save a book from neglect by providing the lazy reviewer with a "par" which, however ill-fitting, is ready-made. That does not make the practice any more moral, but it shows that the greater sin lies with the journalists who by their commercialism first made the step necessary. The fact remains, of course, that an honest reviewer would disregard any such device for assisting him to form his conclusions. But there is still the unfortunate public to be considered.

Everyone who has seen the 'Beggar's Opera'—and who has not?—should possess a copy of Powys Evans's clever caricatures. They are published by Mr. Cecil Palmer at 7s. 6d., and they form a souvenir of the opera that is not only amusing but distinctly novel. Most of them are amazingly good, and they are very attractively reproduced on a toned paper in separate sheets, suitable for framing by the enthusiast. Of them all, I think, perhaps, I like best Mr. Evans's conception of Mr. Nigel Playfair, which is infinitely humorous, but his caricature of Mr. Frederick Ranalow as MacHeath and of Miss Elsie French as Mrs. Peachum are both excellent, and indeed there is not one that is undistinguished or unworthy of presentation for some particular felicity.

It may perhaps save trouble to publishers, some of whom have written to the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW on the subject, if I say here that the articles appearing week by week in the SATURDAY REVIEW from "A Woodman" are to be published in book form by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the autumn. They have attracted a good deal of attention, and several publishers have been asking as to the authorship with a view to publication. I am asked to say that "A Woodman" is not the discovery of the SATURDAY REVIEW, but that Mr. Fisher Unwin was good enough to submit the book to the Editor in proof, and to delay its appearance until the serial publication had been completed.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

Prizes will be given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. The prizes will consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2; they will not be opened before Tuesday morning, so as to give country readers an equal chance with those in London. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published in the issue following that in which the problem was set. Each competitor should indicate his choice when sending his solution.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Hodder & Stoughton	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Wash-	Hodge	Odams Press
bourne	Herbert Jenkins	Stanley Paul
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	Putnam's
Collins	Jarrod	Routledge
Dent	John Lane, The Bodley	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Head	Selwyn & Blount
Foulis	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Melrose	Ward, Lock
Gyldenal	Methuen	Werner Laurie

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Below are the subjects for competition:—

1. *Prose*. A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best description of the contemporary novel, by a Historian of English Literature writing a century hence. The term "contemporary" refers to the present period, not to the period of the hypothetical historian.
2. *Versé*. A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best lyric, not exceeding sixteen lines in length, expounding the Theory and Practice of Musical Comedy.

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Friday, May 26, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 10.

TO KING AND CONSTITUTION TRUE,
WE COMMENT THUS ON WHAT MEN DO.

1. A river,—in it lurks a fine old sailor.
2. A coat like his demands a clever tailor.
3. From facts too often disinclined to learn.
4. It's all there is, so make it serve your turn.
5. Ungainly denizen of tropic lands!
6. The ancients praised me for my golden sands.
7. Could you but find it, 'twere indeed the clue.
8. We watched her as before the wind she flew.
9. Alas, poor simple, foolish water-sheep!
10. Fair stony blossom of the ancient deep.
11. If not performed, why then 'tis best not made.
12. What glorious rainbow-tints are here displayed!
13. "Mistress of all things, noble and divine."
14. It boasts the stronghold of a lordly line.

The solution to last week's Acrostic (No. 9) is unavoidably held over. The first correct solution received came from Miss D. H. Wilkinson, The Grammar School, Hampton-on-Thames, who has selected as her prize 'Free State or Republic?' by P. de Burca and J. F. Boyle, published by Fisher Unwin, which was reviewed in our columns last week under the title 'A Great Debate.'

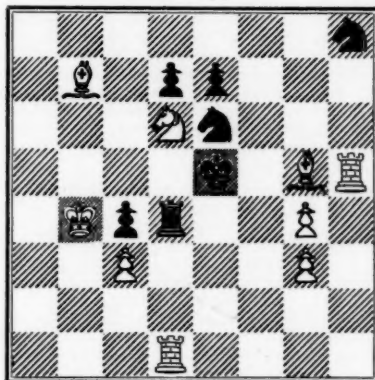
Miss Hilda M. Caw, 20 Wilton Grove, Wimbledon, also solved Acrostic No. 9 correctly. All other solvers had at least one "light" wrong.

Solvers are requested to read the conditions carefully before choosing books.

CHESS PROBLEM No. 27.

By HAROLD B. DUDLEY.

BLACK (7).



WHITE (9).

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on May 16.

PROBLEM No. 26.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) Q-R3.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

The first correct solution was received from Mr. Louis J. Oates, 2 Princes Street, E.C.2, to whom will be sent a copy of 'The Churches of the City of London,' by Herbert Reynolds, published by The Bodley Head.

PROBLEM No. 25.—Correct from A. Lewis, D. L. Honeyman, R. A. Read, T. J. Beard, E. J. B. Lloyd, G. C. Hughes, H. B. Howard, N. Archangelsky, V. F. Lempriere, C. E. Brooke, G. H. Corvie, E. Cameron, L. J. Oates, Helen Grimshaw, C. O. Grimshaw, E. H. P. Cave, Arthur R. Jones, Mrs. Clay, Spencer Cox, M. T. Horells, A. E. Thisekin, W. A. Jesper, J. Kahane, A. W. Death, junr., A. S. Brown, J. H. MacPherson, C. V. R. Wright, C. E. H. Sparrow, Rev. W. Mason, J. M. Rankin, F. W. Sharp, J. Bonus, Rev. S. W. Sutton, C. S. Lewis, J. Mackintosh, R. Black, J. Lonsdale, C. R. Sopwith, G. H. Evans and Albert Taylor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. B. LLOYD.—Yes; the first correct solution to be opened takes the prize.

W. STEER (Calcutta).—No. 18 correct. We fear the only object of the P at QR4 is to create the illusion that the Kt may open the problem; and you are right to regard this as inexcusable.

REV. DR. S. W. SUTTON.—Our best thanks. We will examine and report.

T. W. SEFTON AND OTHERS.—In No. 25, P-K3 ch. is met by K x B, and B-Kt2 by P-B6 and other moves.

We regret to note that Mr. W. Timbrell Pierce died recently at Hove. He was an uncommon combination of strong player, still stronger analyst and first-class problem composer. With his brother, the late Rev. James Pierce (also a fine composer), he originated and published thirty-five years ago an analysis of that offshoot of the Visuna game we all know to-day as the "Pierce Gambit." This is a fine, interesting and attacking début which makes up in beauty what it lacks in soundness—eminently suited for off-hand play where nothing of consequence depends upon the result of the game. Mr. Pierce, who was playing quite strongly up to almost the end of his life, was eighty-three years of age. We hope to offer our readers one of his choice problems next week.

Mr. John Watkinson, founder of the 'British Chess Magazine,' who was president of the Huddersfield Chess Club in 1851, has just been re-elected to that office.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Funds £25,746,000. Income £9,110,000

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

The Queen of Carmania, by Marie Van Vorst (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net), is one of those American romances which shadow forth the typical middle-class hero of the United States—a railway engineer of the successful man of business type who falls in love with a queen of a small European country which is addicted to revolutions, and after the usual adventures of this type of story returns alone to his ranch in California, whither the lady follows him, bringing with her an oil concession. As an exhibition of American mentality, and of American conceptions of European mentality, the story has a certain interest.

The Tavern and the Arrows, by Anthony Carlyle (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net), tells how Lee Dorice, under pressure from her step-mother, decides to marry the first eligible man who proposes to her. She then has an innocent adventure on an island, where she meets a man in hiding—next marries an elderly gentleman—and finds out she is in love with the refugee, who turns out to be an escaped prisoner convicted of murder. How the author deals with the situation may be left with the reader. The title is taken from one of Mr. Kipling's poems. The author has many of the gifts of a born story-teller.

Other People's Property, by Henrietta Leslie (Page, 7s. 6d. net), is the story of a good-looking young fellow just down from the University who finds himself suddenly penniless, without any profession nor much backbone. He spends his first stolen money with a professional lady, is picked up when starving by a college friend and given a good job, which he has to leave, enters business with the professional lady, steals again and is found out, and saved from prison at the last moment. He finds his "better nature" in the last pages. And such is life, as conceived by a clever writer!

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- Greek Philosophy from Thales to Aristotle*. By R. B. Appleton. Methuen. 6s. net.
Liberalism in Action. A Record and a Policy. By Elliott Dodds. Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.
Shakespeare's Hamlet. By A. Clutton Brock. Methuen: 5s. net.
The Victorian Age. By W. R. Inge. Cambridge University Press: 2s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- A Brief History of Education*. By H. M. Beatty. Watts: 4s. 6d. net.
Emile Coue. The Man and His Work. By Hugh Macnaghten. Methuen: 2s. net.
George Jacob Holyoake. By Joseph McCabe. Watts: 3s. 6d. net.
International Relations. By James Bryce. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.
Mediæval France. Edited by Arthur Tilley. Cambridge University Press: 25s. net.
Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany. Butterworth: 21s. net.
My Moorland Patients. By R. W. J. Bishop. Murray: 12s. net.
Near Eastern Affairs. By Stephen Penaretoff. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.
Russia's Foreign Relations During the Last Half-Century. By Baron S. A. Korff. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.
The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy. Vol. I. 1783-1815. Edited by S. A. W. Ward and G. P. Gooch. Cambridge University Press: 31s. 6d. net.
The Growth of British Policy. By Sir J. R. Seeley. New Edition. Cambridge University Press: 17s. 6d. net.
The Puppet Show of Memory. (A Book of Recollections.) By Maurice Baring. Heinemann: 21s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- A Family Man*. By John Galsworthy. Duckworth: 3s. net.
A Poor Man's Riches. By Charles Dalmon. Methuen.
Leonidas and Others. Parts II and III. By R. Craig Little. Paisley, Alexander Gardner.
Singing Rivers. By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. The Bodley Head: 3s. 6d. net.
Sonnets from Tuscany and Other Poems. By Lucia. Oxford, Blackwell.

SOCIOLOGY

- English Prisons under Local Government*. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans: 15s. net.
Free Thought and Official Propaganda. By the Hon. Bertrand Russell. Allen & Unwin: 2s. net.
The Population Problem. By A. M. Carr Saunders. Oxford, Clarendon Press: 21s. net.
The Restoration of Agriculture in the Famine Area of Russia. Translated from the Russian by Eden and Cedar Paul. Labour Publishing Co.: 5s. net.

FICTION

- Adam's Rest*. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.
Broken Horizons. By Dana Burnet. Butterworth: 7s. 6d. net.
Conn of the Coral Sea. By Beatrice Grimshaw. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.
Ginger & Co. By G. F. Bradby. Heinemann: 5s. net.
Homestead Ranch. By Elizabeth G. Young. Appleton: 7s. 6d. net.
Jade. By Hugh Wiley. Heinemann: 6s. net.

- Midnight*. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Nash & Grayson: 7s. 6d. net.
Mud Hollow. By Simon N. Patten. Philadelphia, Dorrance: \$1.90.
Night Drums. By Achmed Abdullah. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
Scarlet Patches. By Violette Roberts. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.
Self. By Beverley Nichols. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.
Strained Relations. By Cyril Alington. Macmillan: 6s. net.
The Aspern Papers, etc. By Henry James. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
The Clash. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
The Enchanted Canyon. By Honoré Willsie. Butterworth: 7s. 6d. net.
The House of the Beautiful Hope. By Robert S. Christie. Palmer: 7s. 6d. net.
The Imaginary Marriage. By Henry St. John Cooper. Sampson Low: 3s. 6d. net.
The Lark. By E. Nesbit. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
The Pastures of Plenty. By Archibald Luck. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.
The Secret Places of the Heart. By H. G. Wells. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.
The Tactless Man. By the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. Duckworth: 7s. 6d. net.
The Unlighted House. By James Hay, junr. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.
The Worm Ouroboros. By E. R. Eddison. Cape: 15s. net.
The Yellow Streak. By Valentine Williams. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.
What Maisie Knew, etc. By Henry James. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Alphonse Legros. (1837-1911.) Paintings, Drawings and Prints from the Collection of Frank E. Bliss, Esq.* The Grosvenor Galleries, P. and D. Colnaghi: 12s. 6d. net.
A Contribution to an Essex Dialect Dictionary. By the Rev. Edward Gepp. Colchester, Benham & Co.
English Intonation with Systematic Exercises. By Harold E. Palmer. Cambridge, Heffer: 5s. net.
Everybody's Dog Book. By Major A. J. Dawson. Collins: 10s. 6d. net.
Fifteen Coloured Postcards of Persian Paintings. British Museum: 2d. each.
Fifteen Coloured Postcards of Persian and Indian Paintings. British Museum: 2d. each.
First Steps to Golf. By G. S. Brown. Mills & Boon: 4s. net.
Ice Ages. By Joseph McCabe. Watts: 3s. net.
Miniature Essays: Lord Berners; Selim Palmgren; G. Francesco Malipiero. Chester: 6d. net each.
Robin in Khaki. A Book of Birdeens. By Isa J. Postgate. Alexander Moring: 3s. 6d. net.
The Annual Register. 1921. Longmans: 30s. net.
The Biology of the Sea Shore. By F. W. Flatteley and C. L. Walton. Sidgwick & Jackson: 16s. net.
The Great Trial of Mahatma Gandhi and Mr. Banker. Madras. Ganesh: As. 6.
The Industrial Year Book. 1922. Gee: 36s. net.
The Piano Music of Claude Debussy. By Alfred Cortot. Chester: 1s. 6d. net.
"The Queen" Book of Travel. 1922. Field Press: 4s. net.
The Rhythm of Education. By A. N. Whitehead. Christophers: 1s. net.
The School Liturgy. Christophers: 2s. 6d. net.
With Gun and Rod in Canada. By Phil. H. More. Cape: 12s. 6d. net.

A Library List

The following books are suggested to those making up their library lists. An asterisk against a title denotes that it is fiction.

- A Book of Cricket*. By P. F. Warner. Dent.
Aspects and Impressions. By Edmund Gosse. Cassell.
Disenchantment. By C. E. Montague. Chatto & Windus.
Golf from Two Sides. By Roger and Joyce Wethered. Longmans.
Lawn Tennis Do's and Dont's. By A. E. Crawley. Methuen.
Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray. Murray.
**Mortal Coils*. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.
**Mr. Prohack*. By Arnold Bennett. Methuen.
**My Daughter Helen*. By Alan Monkhouse. Cape.
Pasteur and His Work. By L. Descour. Fisher Unwin.
**Search*. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Chatto & Windus.
The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. Cape.
**The Camomile*. By Catherine Carswell. Chatto & Windus.
**The Gang*. Joseph Anthony. Cape.
**The Garden Party*. By Katharine Mansfield. Constable.
The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. Constable.
The Pastons and Their England. By H. S. Bennett. Cambridge University Press.
The Prime Ministers of Britain. By Hon. Clive Bigham. Murray.
**The Secret Places of the Heart*. By H. G. Wells. Cassell.
**The Things We Are*. By Middleton Murry. Constable.
The Victorian Age. By W. R. Inge. Cambridge University Press.
Waiting for Daylight. By H. M. Tomlinson. Cassell.

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED.

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London Office: 7, Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

Capital Subscribed	-	-	Yen 100,000,000
Capital Paid Up	-	-	Yen 100,000,000
Reserve Fund	-	-	Yen 81,000,000

THE EIGHTY-FOURTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS was held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on the 10th March, 1922, when the Directors submitted the following Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank and the Profit and Loss Account for the Half-year ended 31st December, 1921, which was duly approved.

BALANCE SHEET.

LIABILITIES.		Y
Capital	...	100,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	...	57,000,000.00
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	...	6,153,636.00
Notes in Circulation	...	8,278,431.66
Deposits (Current, Fixed, etc.)	...	508,441,693.34
Bills Payable, Bills Re-discounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank	...	301,424,846.82
Dividends Unclaimed	...	25,035.37
Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward from last A/c	...	4,754,936.69
Net Profit for the past Half-year	...	10,092,206.71
		Yen 996,170,847.19

ASSETS.		Y.	Y.
Cast Account—			
In Hand	...	37,995,734.97	
At Bankers	...	63,855,126.03	
Investments in Public Securities and Debentures	...		101,850,861.00
Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, etc.	...		159,316,037.69
Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank	...		256,512,171.91
Bullion and Foreign Money	...		402,200,784.52
Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, etc.	...		7,478,116.69
			8,812,875.38
			Yen 996,170,847.19

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dr.	Y
To Reserve Fund	4,000,000.00
To Dividend—Yen 6.00 per Share for 1,000,000 Shares	6,000,000.00
To Balance carried forward to next Account	4,847,143.40
	Yen 14,847,143.40

Cr.	Y
By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1921	4,754,936.69
By Net Profit for the Half-year ending 31st December, 1921 (After making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, Rebate on Bills, etc.)	10,092,206.71
	Yen 14,847,143.40

Company Meeting

LONDON AND SCOTTISH ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

THE FIFTY-NINTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London and Scottish Assurance Corporation Ltd. was held on the 9th inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

Sir Vesey Holt, K.B.E., presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts said that at the last annual meeting he referred to the period then under review as one of high loss ratios and increased costs, and stated that the outlook was uncertain. Very similar remarks would, he thought, aptly describe the year 1921, and also the immediate future. High loss ratios had again been the general experience, and had been accentuated during the past year by the general decline in premium income, due, of course, in its turn, to the reduction in values and the general depression in trade. Recent events in the insurance world had caused a not unnatural anxiety on the part of insurance shareholders and policy-holders. He was happy to be able to assure the shareholders that it was not anticipated that this company would sustain any loss whatever in connection with the recent failures of certain reinsurance companies.

Dealing with the several revenue accounts of the corporation, he said that the progress made in the life department had again been quite satisfactory. Two thousand seven hundred and three policies had been issued, the sums assured thereunder being £1,412,975, and producing a new premium income of £75,927. The total premium income of £490,682 showed an increase of £32,887. The mortality experience of the year was quite good. The life and annuity funds were increased by £103,255, and amounted to £4,440,140. The average rate of interest earned was £4 3s. 1d. per cent., after deduction of tax. Practically the whole of the Continental life business would be liquidated by the close of the year on terms which would yield an appreciable profit to the life fund. With regard to the fire account, the premium income stood at £207,639 compared with £276,610 in 1920. The unfavourable economic conditions accounted for the actual reduction in income, which was particularly heavy in the United States of America. The adoption of a considered policy of cautious underwriting had also militated somewhat against a very rapid growth of premium income. The department had

earned a profit of £18,550, which had been carried to profit and loss account. Although the marine department was the youngest department of the business, it had rapidly become a very important factor in the operations of the corporation. The net premium income for the year 1921 amounted to £881,241, being a decrease of £452,928. At the beginning of the year the marine fund stood at £1,017,759, and after payment of all the outgoings the fund at the end of the year amounted to £947,703. He thought the condition of the business in the marine department might be justly described as quite healthy. With reference to the accident, employers' liability, and general account, they had had, on the whole, quite a satisfactory year's trading. The net premium income at £257,613 showed an increase of £28,367, and the claims paid and outstanding amounted to £118,794. The business of the corporation had grown very considerably during the last few years, and especially in the marine department.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Established 1825

Incorporated 1910

ANNUAL REPORT

For the year ending 15th November, 1921

PRINCIPAL RESULTS:

New Policies Issued	£ 2,114,361
Claims Paid	970,213
Annual Revenue	1,682,470
Funds	13,554,354

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report, pointed out that the amount of new business secured, while being somewhat less than in the previous year, was over £440,000 in excess of the average figure for five years preceding the War excluding continental business, which the Company has ceased to transact.

In recommending the Shareholders and Policyholders in their common interest to unite in endeavouring to increase the New Business, he pointed out that in view of the strength of the company and the numerous attractive schemes now offered, they could recommend the Standard to their friends and clients with every confidence. By so doing they would not only contribute to the further prosperity of the Company but would be serving their friends well. He also drew attention to the new "Acme" Policy issued by the Company, pointing out that it embodied a combination of features not found in any policy hitherto issued in this country.

He reminded his audience that the Company's Investments as on the 15th November, 1920 (the date of the last investigation), were valued by taking the book price of the securities or the market price, whichever was the lower, and no credit has been taken for any subsequent appreciation. As this Valuation was made at a time when securities were at about their lowest market prices there is to-day a large reserve against any possible adverse fluctuation.

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THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Bryant and May, Ltd., was held on the 10th inst. at the Fairfield Works, Bow, E.

Mr. W. A. Smith, who presided, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that their prosperity and that of their allied and subsidiary companies had continued unabated. With regard to the balance sheet and profit and loss account it would be noticed that the reserve fund was £240,000, as against £220,000 last year, and they were proposing to add a further £20,000 to that. Taking all items into consideration they were £154,337 better off than they were last year. There was a gratifying reduction in the item of stocks in trade. They had felt the effects of the general slump in trade, but it had not done them much harm. He did not say there would be no further fall, but he felt confident that the worst was past. Within the last few days they had entered into a provisional agreement for amalgamating with the firm of Maguire, Paterson, and Palmer, of Liverpool, Leeds, London, and Dublin, which agreement was, of course, subject to the approval of the shareholders of that company.

Mr. G. W. Paton, Deputy Chairman and Managing Director, in seconding the resolution, said: One of our colleagues, Mr.

Bartholomew, is visiting Australia and New Zealand and South Africa. The business in these Colonies has been increasing and prosperous, and in order to cope with the trade large additions to the factories there are in progress or in contemplation; in fact, the Melbourne additions are well advanced, the rebuilding of the Wellington factory, if not commenced, is on the eve of being so—certain difficulties with regard to possession of houses on the site have delayed matters and detained Mr. Bartholomew; at Cape Town a new factory is required, and is receiving the careful consideration of the Directors of the Lion Match Company, Ltd., among whose number are Mr. Bartholomew and Mr. Andrew Hepburn, the latter of whom is about to proceed to South Africa on his return from America, where he is at present.

We have during the year commenced operations in the Canadian market. A company called the Canadian Match Company, Ltd., has been formed in conjunction with the Diamond Match Company of America and Messrs. Maguire, Paterson and Palmer, Ltd. The business has made a good beginning. I am leaving on the "Aquitania" on Saturday on a visit to the new Works, and will be able to report more fully to you on my next opportunity.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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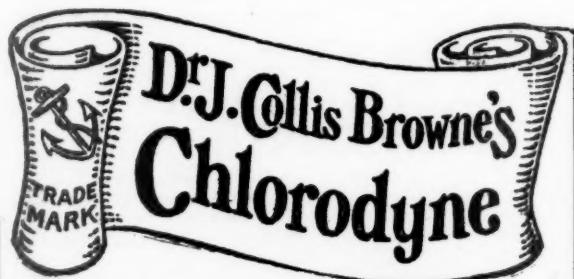
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